



MARCH

No. 58

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!



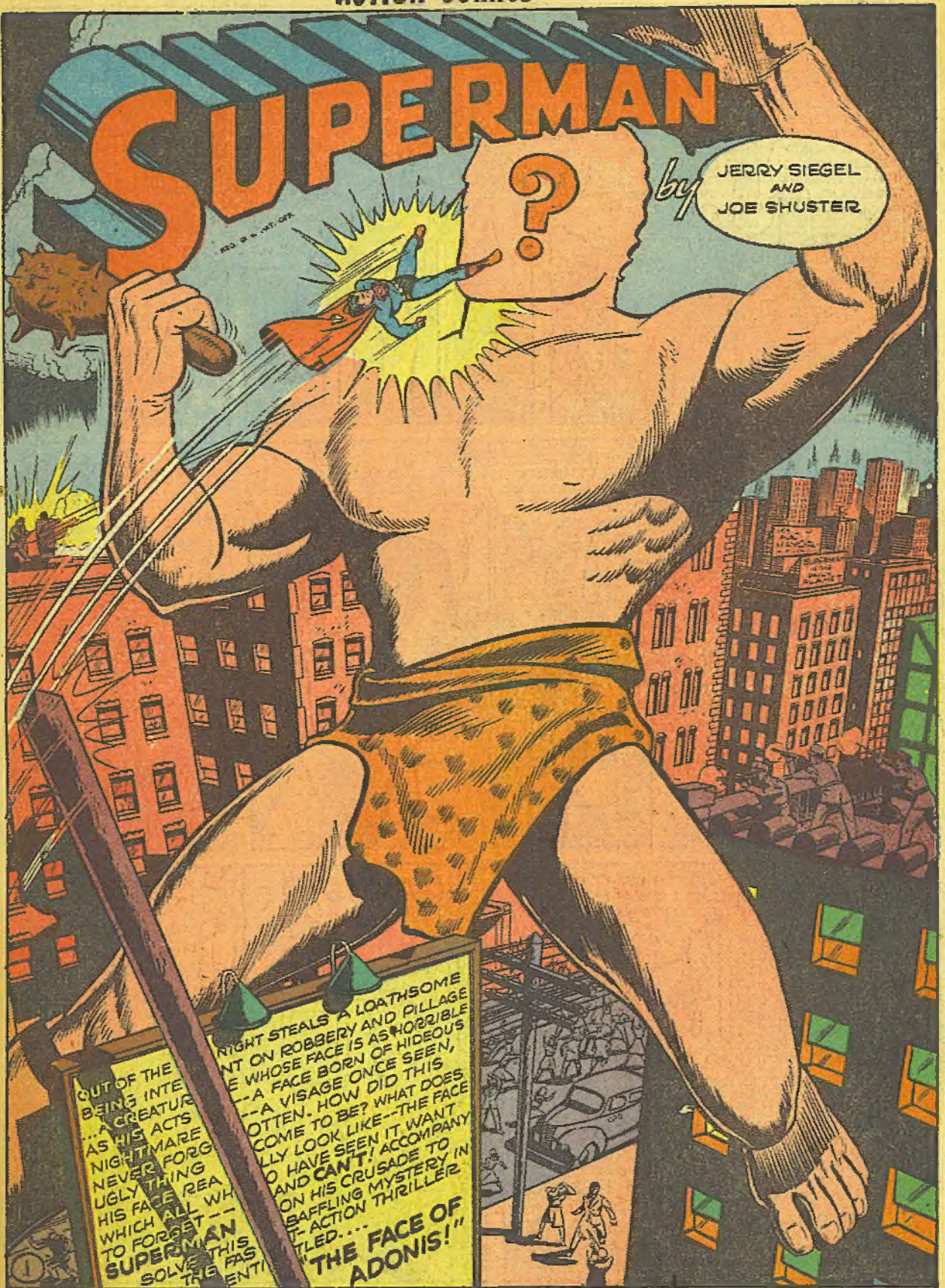
ACTION COMICS

10¢



SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF A HOLLYWOOD AGENT. THE "TEN-PERCENTER" IS FACED BY WRATHFUL JAMES TREVOR, FADING FILM STAR....

HOW DARE YOU TELL ME PRODUCERS HAVE TURNED THUMBS DOWN ON THE GREAT TREVOR!

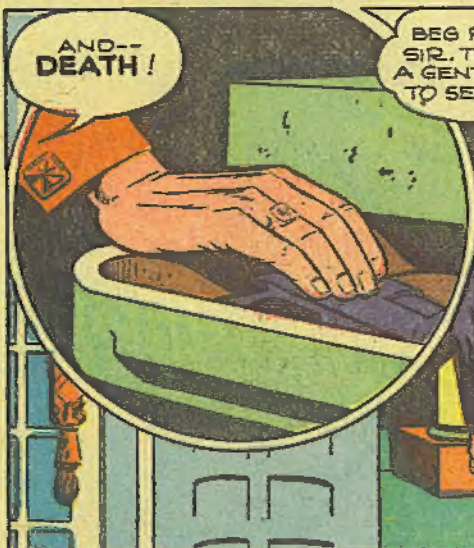
THESE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. ONE-AND-ALL, THE DRAMATIC CRITICS PROCLAIM THAT SINCE AGE HAS BEEN SABOTAGING YOUR MAGNIFICENT PROFILE, WOMEN FILM FANS ARE TURNING TO NEWER AND YOUNGER SCREEN HEROES.

IN OTHER WORDS-- YOU'RE FINISHED!

BASE INGRATE! I SHALL AVAIL MYSELF OF THE SERVICES OF ANOTHER AND MORE ASTUTE PURVEYOR OF TALENT!

BUT THAT EVENING, IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS DEBT-SHROUDED MANSION, TREVOR INDULGES IN HIS FAVORITE RECREATION-- GAZING AT HIS CONTENTANCE IN A MIRROR...

IT'S TRUE! THE FACE THAT CAUSED MILLIONS OF FEMININE HEARTS TO BEAT QUICKER IS DETERIORATING! LIKE A FOOL I'VE SQUANDERED EVERY CENT OF MY FABULOUS INCOME, AND NOW THERE ONLY REMAINS-- OBLIVION!



AND-- DEATH!

BEG PARDON, SIR. THERE IS A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU.

IDIOT! I TOLD YOU I WAS SEEING NO ONE!

BUT THIS GENTLEMAN HAS COME TO REQUEST YOUR AUTOGRAPH.

MY AUTOGRAPH! ("LEGAD! NO ONE HAS REQUESTED IT IN MONTHS!")



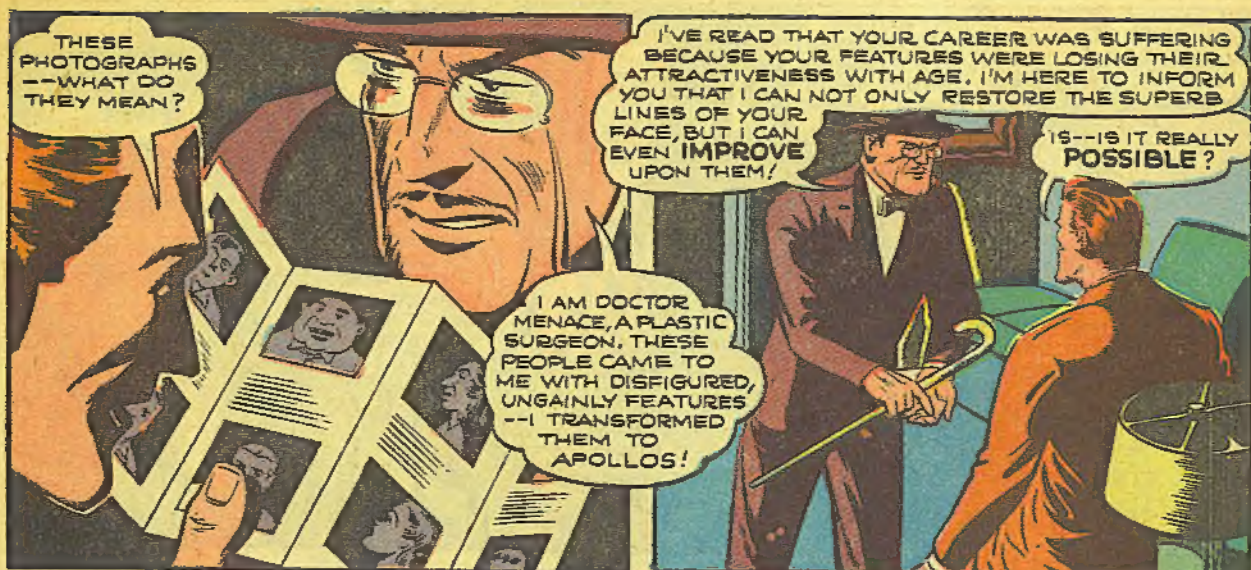
USUALLY, I REFUSE TO GIVE AUTOGRAPHS. AWFUL ANNOYANCE, YOU KNOW, BUT IF YOU INSIST...

I DON'T INSIST. I ONLY USED THE AUTOGRAPH REQUEST AS A PRETEXT TO REACH YOUR PRESENCE.



AH-HA! A CONNIVING CREDITOR! OUT, LOUT!

BEFORE I GO, I ASK BUT ONE THING--LOOK AT THIS FOLDER!





PLEASE HOLD STILL!

HO / HO / HO!
I CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO SEE MY
AGENT'S FACE
WHEN I WALK
IN ON HIM!



IT'S--IT'S
JUST LIKE YOU
SAID, DOCTOR!
MY FEATURES--
PERFECT... I--
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO
SAY...



BUT THEN --AS TREVOR
TOUCHES HIS FACE...

WHA-??
A--A
RUBBER
MASK!

THE MASK DROPS OFF--AND AS
THE VAIN ACTOR SIGHTS THE
FEATURES BENEATH THE MASK
REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR, A
SCREAM LIKE THE SHRIEK OF
AN ANIMAL IN PAIN LEAVES
HIS STARTLED LIPS...



AIG-EEE-
BEE!!!



WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
TO MY
FACE?!

IF YOU WILL
COLLECT YOUR
SENSES, AND
BEHAVE
CALMLY, I'LL
EXPLAIN!

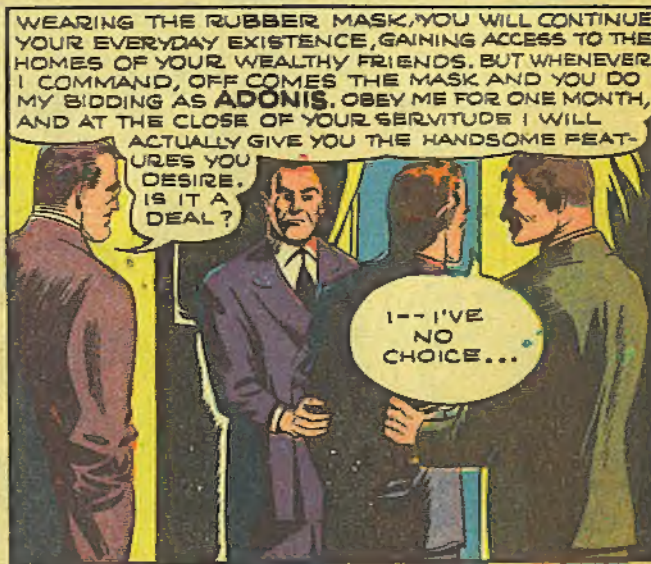


YOU DID IT
DELIBERATELY!
I'LL KILL
YOU!

YOU'LL DO
NOTHING OF
THE KIND, --
GET HIM,
MEN!



AS YOU CAN GUESS, MY REAL
VOCATION IS CRIME. I HAVE
PLACED A SUBSTANCE OF MY
OWN DISCOVERY UPON YOUR
FACE THAT TRANSFORMS IT
hideously. ONLY I CAN
REMOVE IT WITHOUT
INJURING YOUR
FEATURES
PERMANENTLY.



WEARING THE RUBBER MASK, YOU WILL CONTINUE
YOUR EVERYDAY EXISTENCE, GAINING ACCESS TO THE
HOMES OF YOUR WEALTHY FRIENDS. BUT WHENEVER
I COMMAND, OFF COMES THE MASK AND YOU DO
MY BIDDING AS ADONIS. OBEY ME FOR ONE MONTH,
AND AT THE CLOSE OF YOUR SERVITUDE I WILL
ACTUALLY GIVE YOU THE HANDSOME FEATURES
YOU DESIRE. IS IT A
DEAL?

I--I'VE
NO
CHOICE...

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF
THE DAILY PLANET IN
METROPOLIS, U.S.A....

I'VE MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOU TWO TO VISIT THE HOMES OF SEVERAL MOVIE GREAT AND WRITE A SERIES OF DOWN-TO-EARTH STORIES ON HOW THEY REALLY LIVE.

SOUNDS GREAT!

CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER....

BEVERLY HILLS SENTINEL
TWO FAMED REPORTERS TO VISIT HOMES OF MOVIE CELEBRITIES

AMONG THE MANY TO NOTE THE ARTICLE IS SUAVE DR. MENACE...

NO... PLEASE DON'T ASK ME TO DO IT...

THE VISIT OF THESE TWO REPORTERS WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY BURST OF LUCK! YOU'LL DO AS I SAY--OR ELSE!!

THAT EVENING... CLARK AND LOIS JOIN OTHER HOUSE GUESTS IN THE HOME OF GEORGE FENTON, PROMINENT DIRECTOR...

PS-ST! LOOK WHO'S STANDING NEAR US, CLARK! JAMES TREVOR!!

CUT OUT THE HERO-WORSHIP AND WATCH OUR HOST!

I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF THE KHOONOR RUBY. I'VE REMOVED IT FROM MY SAFE, THINKING YOU'D LIKE TO SEE IT.

IT'S PRICELESS!

BUT LATER--AS THE MOVIE DIRECTOR PREPARES TO RETURN THE COSTLY GEM TO ITS PLACE OF SAFE-KEEPING...

WHO--?!

BEVERLY HILLS SENTINEL
MOVIE DIRECTOR ROBBED BY INCREDIBLY UGLY THUG

AND IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS CLOSELY-GUARDED SANITARIUM, DR. MENACE GLOATS....

SPLENDID!-- SPLENDID! AND BEFORE THIS MONTH IS OVER YOU SHALL BRING ME TREASURES THAT WILL MAKE THIS APPEAR PUNY IN COMPARISON!

A GHOSTLY SHRIEK LEAVES FENTON'S LIPS AS HE SIGHTS THE TERRIBLE FACE OF HIS WEIRD ADVERSARY... BUT THE CRY IS SHUT OFF BY TWO POWERFUL HANDS...

5 YEE-AAGH-HH!!

DAYS LATER...

I SEE BY THE PAPERS THAT OUR GOOD FRIENDS, KENT AND LANE, ARE VISITING CINEMA STAR FRED CHANDLER TONIGHT. CHANDLER, AS EVERYONE KNOWS, DOESN'T TRUST BANKS -- KEEPS HIS FORTUNE CONCEALED SOMEWHERE ON HIS ESTATE. YOUR JOB IS TO FIND AND -- AH -- ANNEX IT!

YES--
YES...
ANYTHING
YOU SAY...

THAT EVENING--BORED GUESTS SIT IN CHANDLER'S PROJECTION ROOM WATCHING UNENDING FILMS OF THEIR HOST UNREEL...

WATCH THIS LOVE SCENE CLOSELY. IT'S MY PRIDE AND JOY!

(I'D GET A LITTLE MORE JOY IF THIS FILM MARATHON WOULD END!!)

BUT BOREDOM VANISHES AS AN UNEXPECTED MESSAGE FLASHES ON THE SCREEN....

WHA--?

WHO'S
ADONIS?

YOUR FORTUNE INTERESTS ME, CHANDLER. THEREFORE, I SHALL HELP MYSELF TO IT THIS VERY NIGHT.

ADONIS

HA! HA! EVIDENTLY ONE OF MY GUESTS IS PLAYING A JOKE ON ME.

AND ONE THAT'S CERTAINLY IN BAD TASTE!

IT'S NOT ME!

NOR I!

FEAR FOR HIS CAREFULLY HOARDED SAVINGS CAUSES CHANDLER TO SWIFTLY LOSE HIS GOOD HUMOR...

I SUGGEST WE ALL RETIRE.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

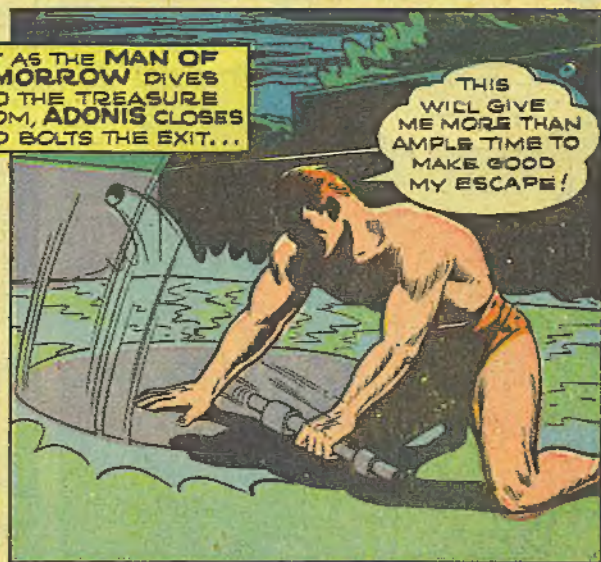
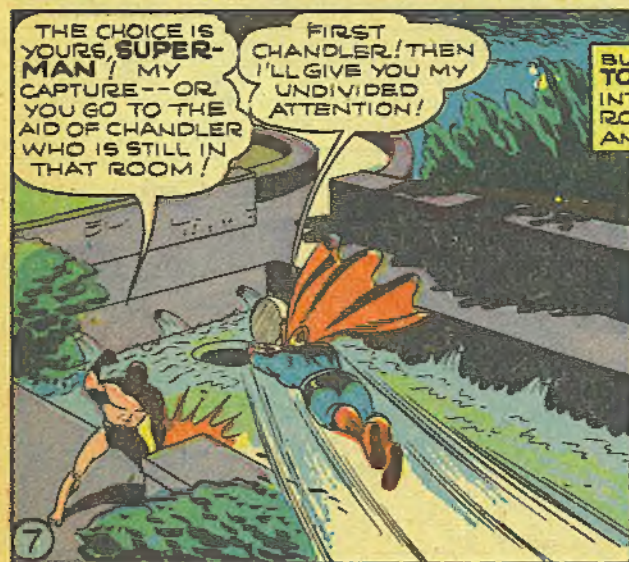
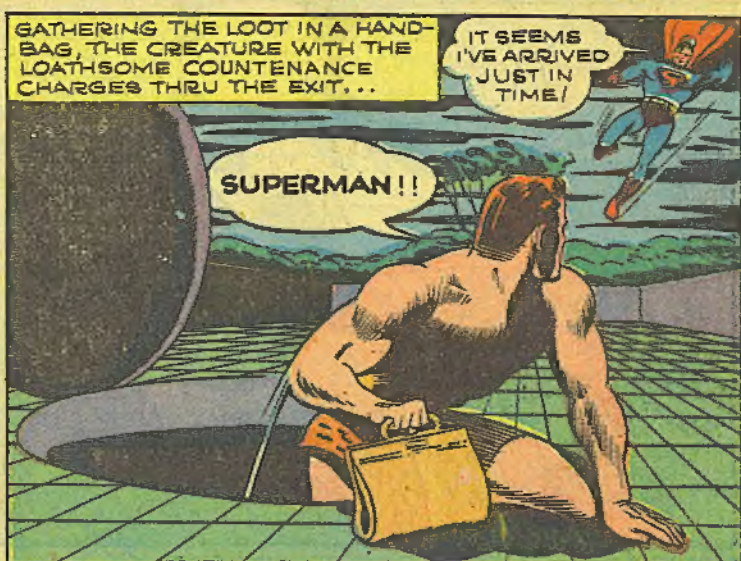
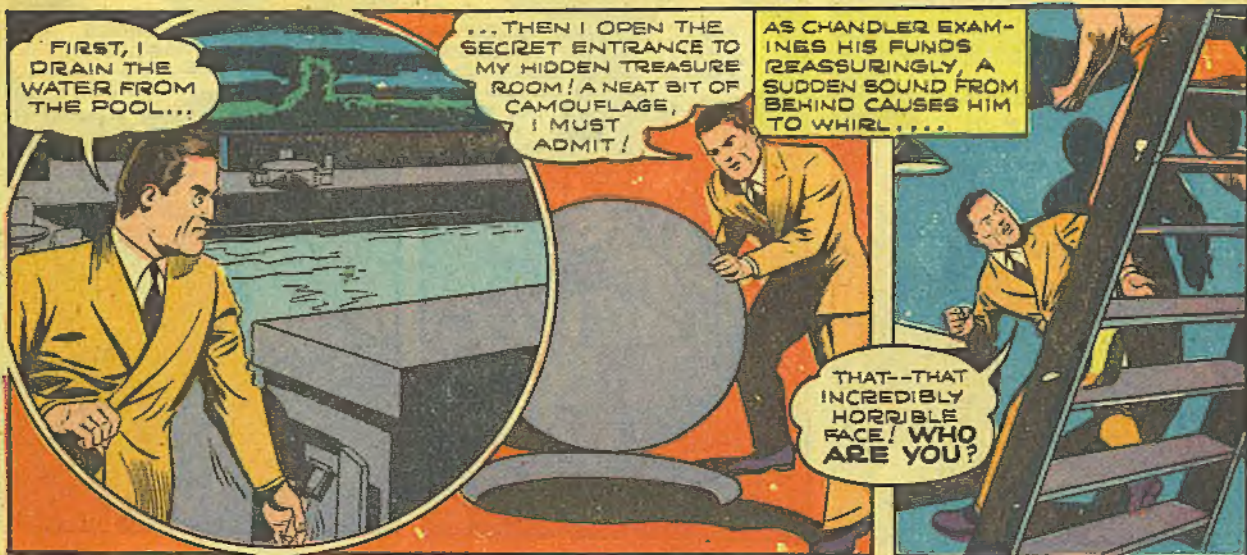
AND FORGET THIS UNPLEASANT INCIDENT.

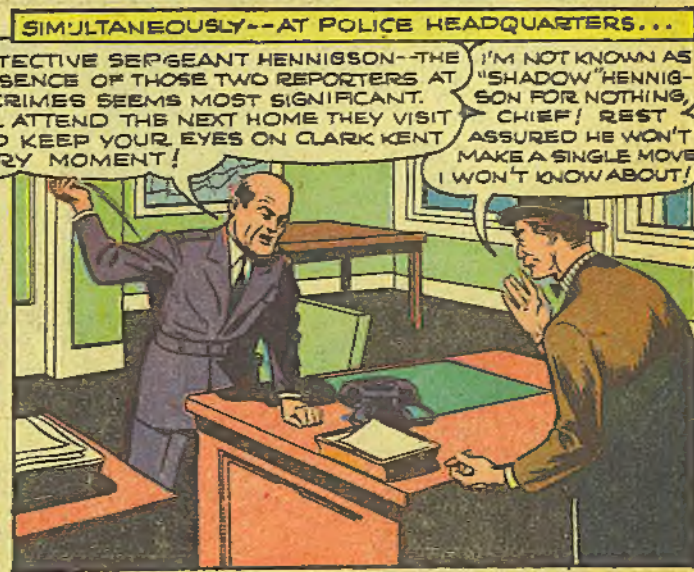
BUT NO SOONER DOES CLARK ENTER HIS GUEST-ROOM THAN HE SWITCHES TO THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ACTION-COSTUME...

THAT WARNING MAY BE A PRACTICAL JOKE--BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES....!

AS CHANDLER SCURRIES THRU THE SHADOWS OF HIS ESTATE, HE IS UNAWARE OF A STALKING FIGURE...

MY HIDDEN SAVINGS--NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO IT!





NEXT EVENING... CLARK AND LOIS ARE GUESTING AT THE HOME OF PHILIP MINTON, ACE FILM STAR....

NOW, IF EVERYONE IS ACQUAINTED, I'LL TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF MY NOVEL ESTATE.

LET'S GET GOING!

(I'VE WANGLED AN INVITATION FOR MYSELF TO PERSONALLY SEE TO IT THAT THERE IS NO SLIP-UP/-")

AS YOU CAN SEE, I BUILT MY HOME ON THE SITE OF A FORMER AMUSEMENT PARK MOVIE SET. AS A RESULT, I CAN GUARANTEE MY GUESTS REAL ENTERTAINMENT.

THIS REMBRANDT PAINTING IS MY PRIDE AND JOY. IT'S WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE AND ARMED ATTENDANTS ARE CONTINUALLY ON GUARD.

(HENNIGSON IS CONTINUALLY AT MY SIDE. I WONDER IF THERE'S A PARTICULAR REASON...!-")



CLARK'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION SUPPLIES THE ANSWER...

(OH-HO! SO HE'S A COP AND I'M UNDER THE SURVEILLANCE OF THE LAW! THIS KIND OF COMPLICATES THINGS--IN EVENT I HAVE TO SWITCH TO SUPERMAN, IT MAY BE DIFFICULT!-")

LATER...

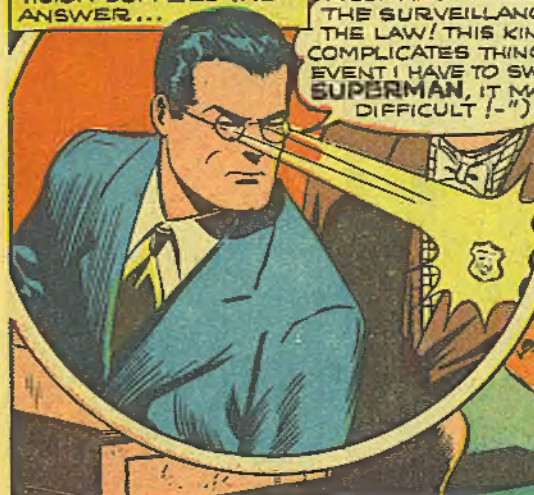
BUT I DON'T WANT TO STEAL MINTON'S VALUABLE PAINTING! HE ONCE AIDED ME WHEN I NEEDED HELP BADLY.

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! I MANAGED TO ANNEX KENT'S NOTEBOOK WHEN HE WAS OFF-GUARD. LEAVE IT ON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME SO THAT SUSPICION WILL FALL UPON HIM!

STILL LATER--AS CLARK LEAVES HIS ROOM...

OOPS!

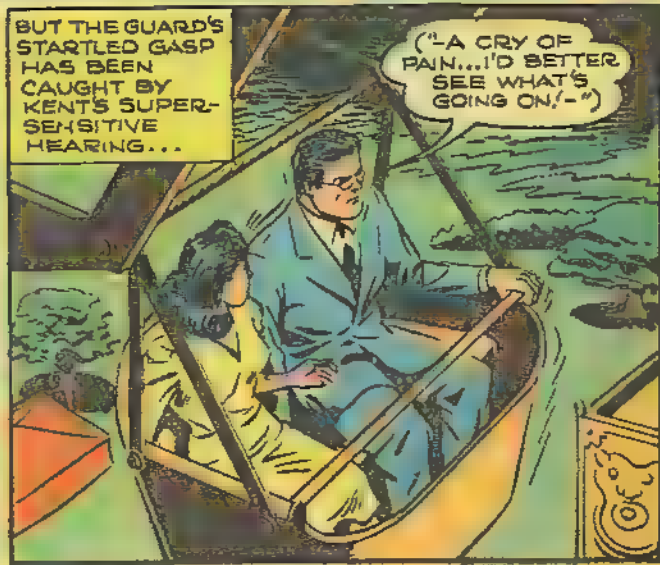
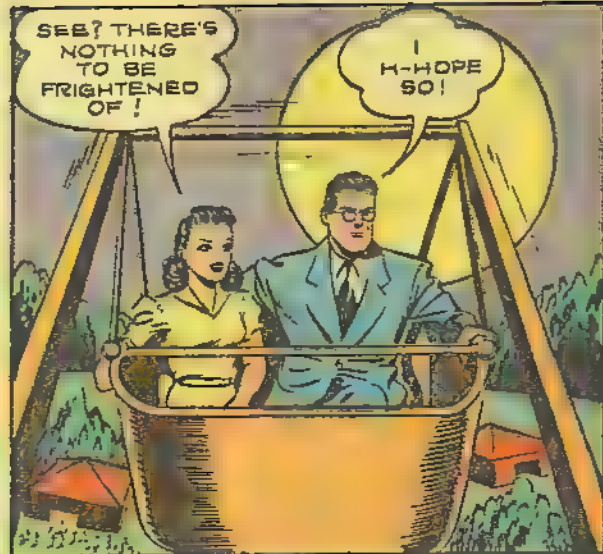
HEY! WATCHOUT!



NEVER MIND WHOSE FAULT IT IS. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



JUST TRY TO STOP ME!



WHAT SUPERMAN SIGHTS...



("WHAT TO DO? GOT TO CAPTURE THAT CREATURE AND PREVENT THE ROBBERY...BUT HOW CAN I CHANGE TO SUPERMAN WHILE UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF LOIS AND HENNINGSON?")



DELIBERATELY, CLARK BEGINS ROCKING THE SEAT...

PLEASE, CLARK! NOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME!

("I GOT IT!--") HA! HA! YOU KNOW, LOIS -- I'M ACTUALLY BEGINNING TO ENJOY THIS! THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF!--")

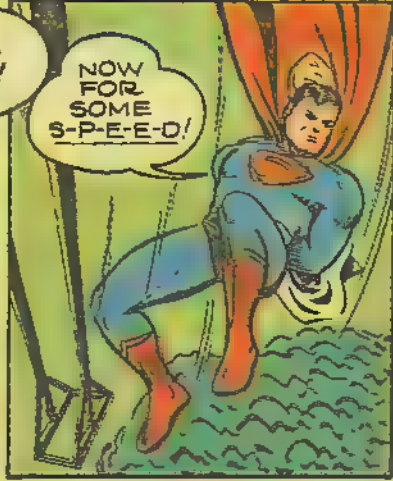


DELIBERATELY, CLARK SNAPS THE BELT, THEN PITCHES OUT OF THE SEAT WITH A GHRILL SHRIEK...



H-H-HELP!

ALIGHTING UNDER COVER OF BUSHES, CLARK SWITCHES TO HIS SUPERMAN IDENTITY!



NOW FOR SOME S-P-E-E-D!

BUT, AS SUPERMAN STREAKS TOWARD THE ART GALLERY, HE IS SIGHTED BY-- DR. MENACE!



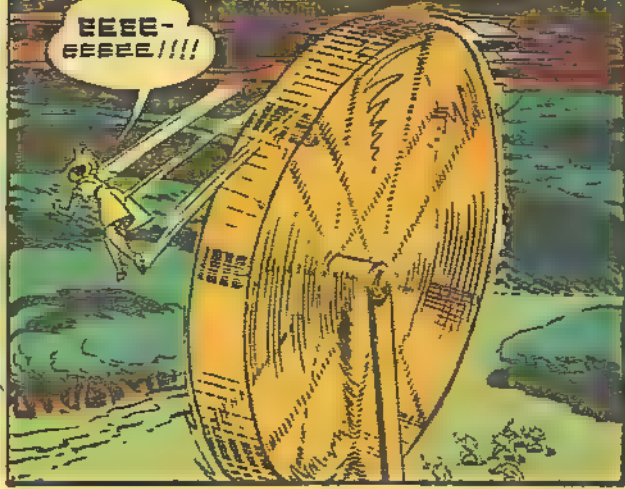
GOT TO DIVERT HIM FROM HIS PURPOSE.

YANKING AT THE CONTROLS, DR. MENACE STEPS BACK AND SHOUTS FOR HELP...



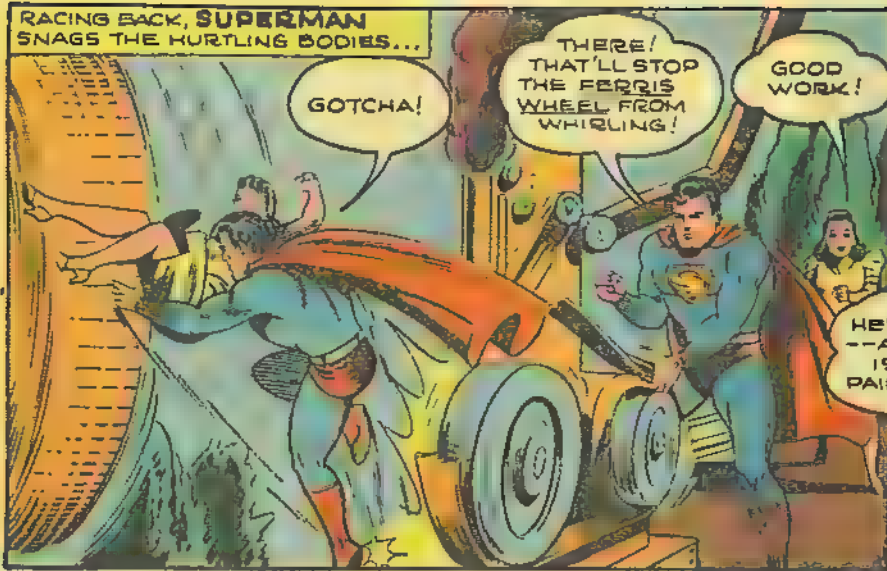
HELP! THE FERRIS WHEEL SPEEDING BEYOND CONTROL!

FASTER SPINS THE GREAT WHEEL...FASTER...FASTER--SUDDENLY HUMAN FIGURES BEGIN FLYING THRU THE AIR...



EEEE-EEEE!!!!

RACING BACK, SUPERMAN
SNAGS THE HURLING BODIES...



GOTCHA!

THERE!
THAT'LL STOP
THE FERRIS
WHEEL FROM
WHIRLING!

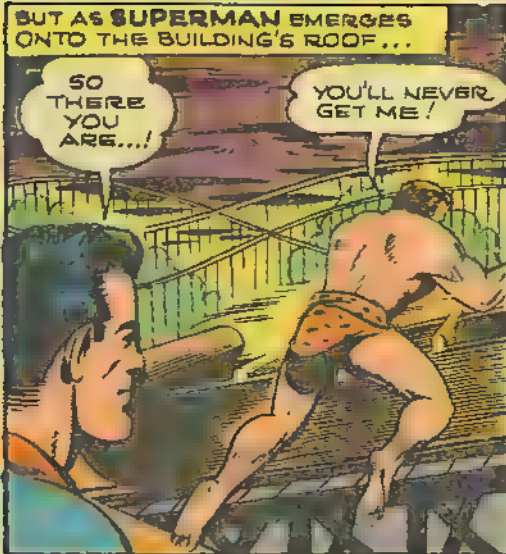
GOOD
WORK!

BACK TO THE GALLERY
SPEEDS THE MAN OF
TOMORROW TO DISCOVER...



HE'S GONE
--AND SO
IS THE
PAINTING!

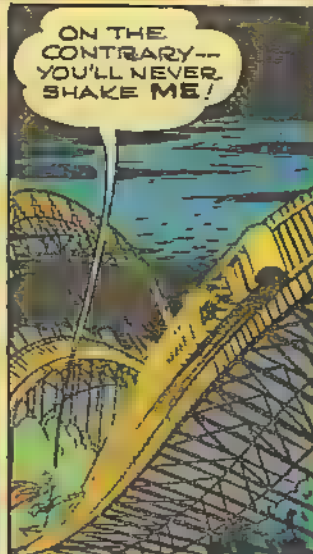
BUT AS SUPERMAN EMERGES
ONTO THE BUILDING'S ROOF...



SO
THERE
YOU
ARE...!

YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME!

ON THE
CONTRARY--
YOU'LL NEVER
SHAKE ME!



A HAIRBREADTH LEAP--!



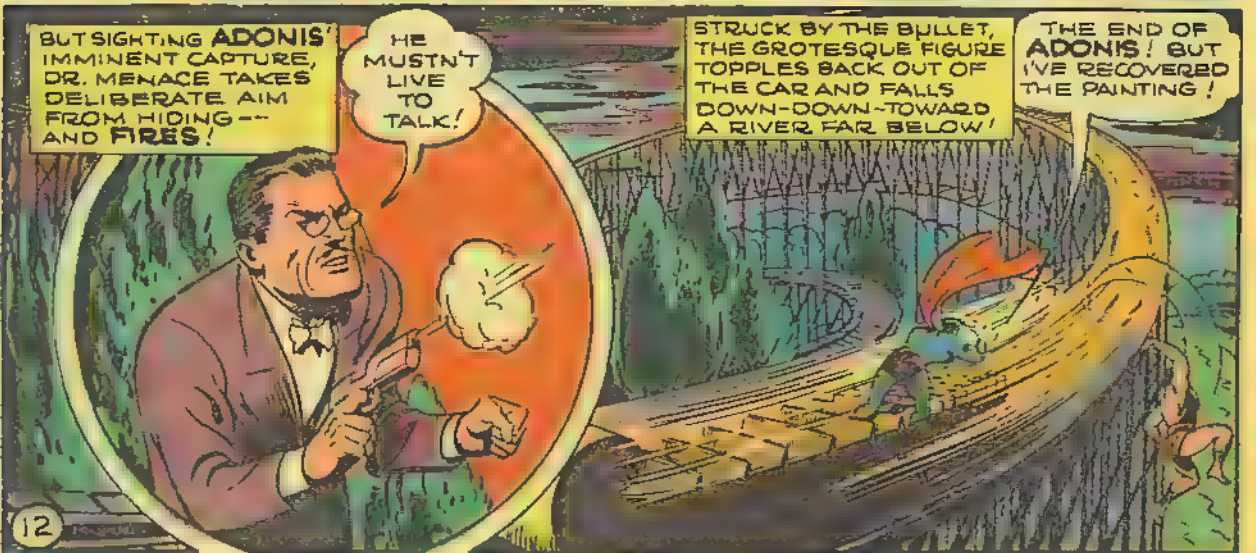
CLEAR ALL
TRACKS 'CAUSE
-- HERE!
COME!

BUT SIGHTING ADONIS'
IMMINENT CAPTURE,
DR. MENACE TAKES
DELIBERATE AIM
FROM HIDING--
AND FIRES!

HE
MUSTN'T
LIVE
TO
TALK!

STRUCK BY THE BULLET,
THE GROTESQUE FIGURE
TOPPLES BACK OUT OF
THE CAR AND FALLS
DOWN-DOWN-TOWARD
A RIVER FAR BELOW!

THE END OF
ADONIS! BUT
I'VE RECOVERED
THE PAINTING!





WHERE'S THAT CLARK KENT?

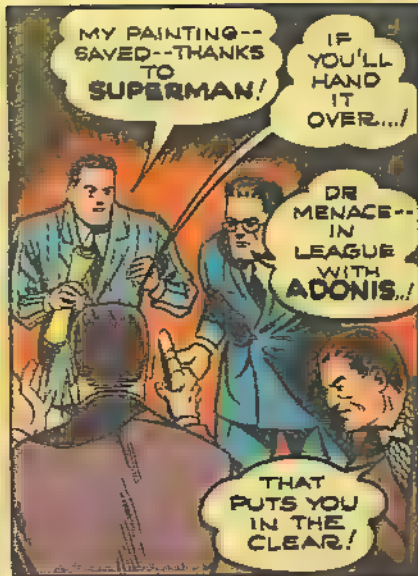
POOR CLARK! HE MUST BE KILLED!



SPEEDING BACK, SUPERMAN SWITCHES IDENTITIES AGAIN --AND BARELY IN TIME!

WHEW! IT'S A WONDER I WASN'T KILLED!

THE BUSHES MUST HAVE BROKEN YOUR FALL!



MY PAINTING-- SAVED-- THANKS TO SUPERMAN!

IF YOU'LL HAND IT OVER...!

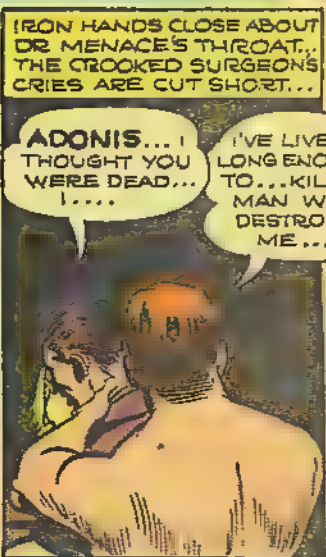
DR. MENACE-- IN LEAGUE WITH ADONIS..!

THAT PUTS YOU IN THE CLEAR!



I WENT THROUGH PLENTY OF TROUBLE TO GET THIS PAINTING-- TRANSFORMED TREVOR'S FEATURES TO A GROSS CARICATURE-- FINALLY KILLED HIM... BUT IT WAS WORTH IT...

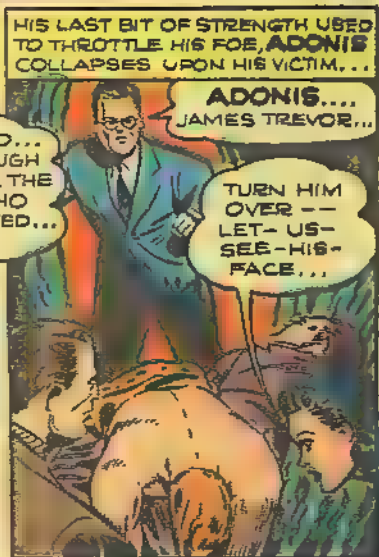
("-- HANDS... FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES...")



IRON HANDS CLOSE ABOUT DR. MENACE'S THROAT... THE CROOKED SURGEON'S CRIES ARE CUT SHORT...

ADONIS... I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD... I....

I'VE LIVED... LONG ENOUGH TO... KILL THE MAN WHO DESTROYED... ME...



HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH USED TO THROTTLE HIS FOE, ADONIS COLLAPSES UPON HIS VICTIM...

ADONIS... JAMES TREVOR...

TURN HIM OVER -- LET- US- SEE- HIS- FACE...



AND NOW, DEAR READER, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE FACE, WHICH, ONCE SEEN, CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN?

NO ARTIST'S PEN COULD DO IT JUSTICE. SORRY....

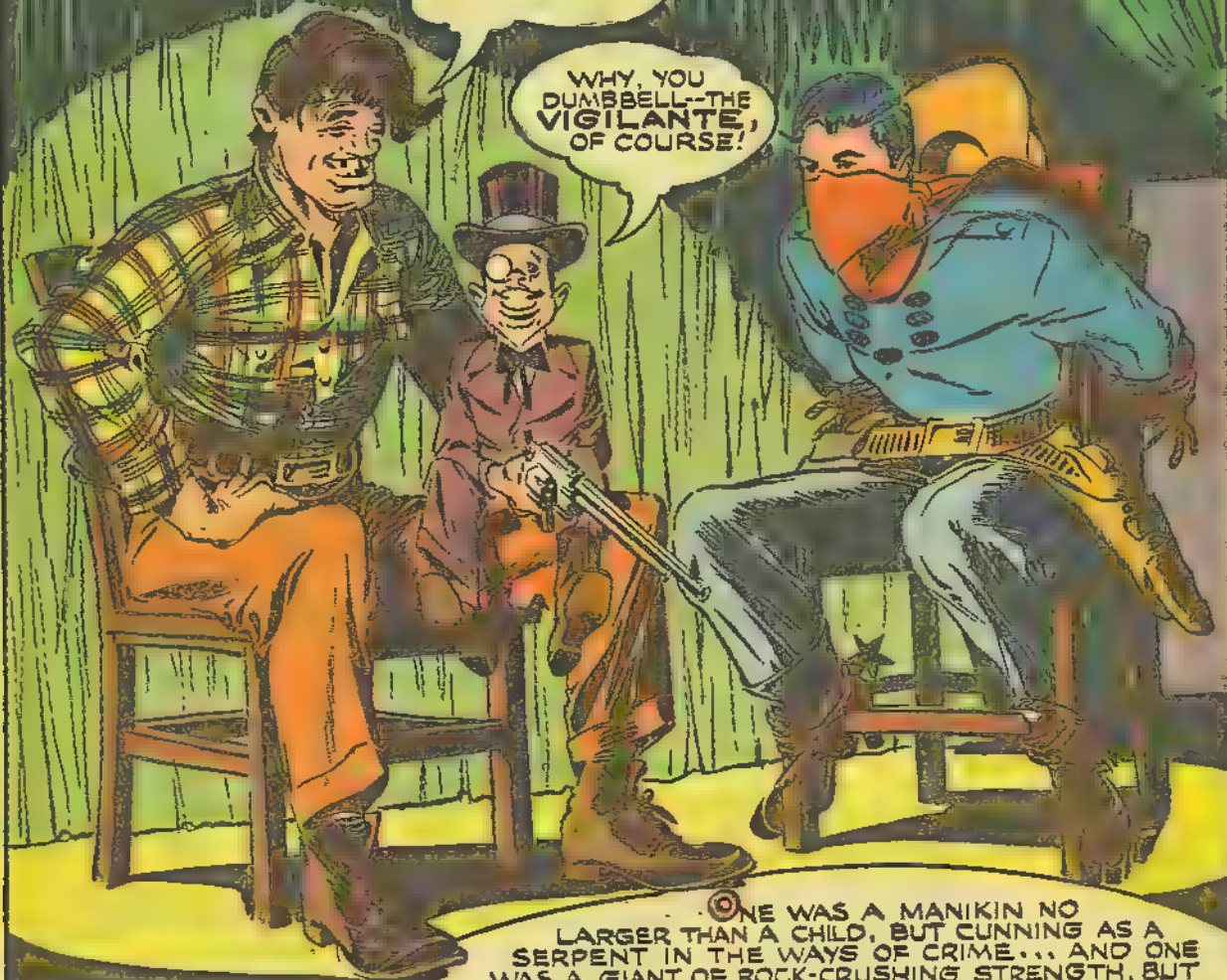
...YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!

THE END.

The VIGILANTE

WHEN ME AN' YOUSE
PUTS ON OUR ACT,
DUMMY, WHO
GETS DA HOOK
FOIST?

WHY, YOU
DUMBBELL--THE
VIGILANTE,
OF COURSE!



ONE WAS A MANIKIN NO
LARGER THAN A CHILD, BUT CUNNING AS A
SERPENT IN THE WAYS OF CRIME... AND ONE
WAS A GIANT OF ROCK-CRUSHING STRENGTH, BUT
WITH SCARCELY A GLIMMER OF INTELLIGENCE IN HIS THICK
HEAD! SINGLE-HANDED, NEITHER COULD HAVE MANAGED
THE SPECTACULAR CRIMES DEPICTED HERE--BUT TOGETHER
THEY FORM A PERILOUS PARTNERSHIP THAT NEARLY ENDS THE
DASHING CAREER OF THE MIGHTY VIGILANTE AS HE TURNS
WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS AGAINST THE DOUBLE-BARRELED
MENACE OF--

THE DUMMY AND THE DUMBBELL.

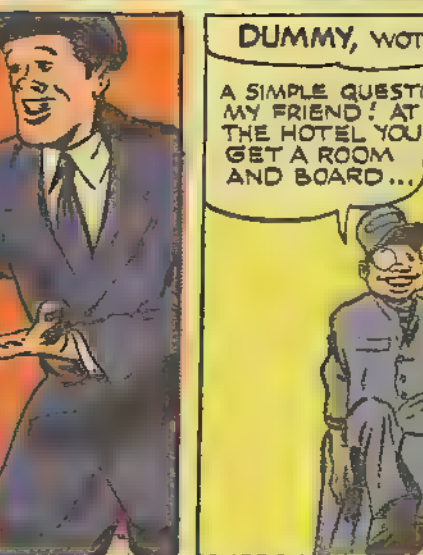
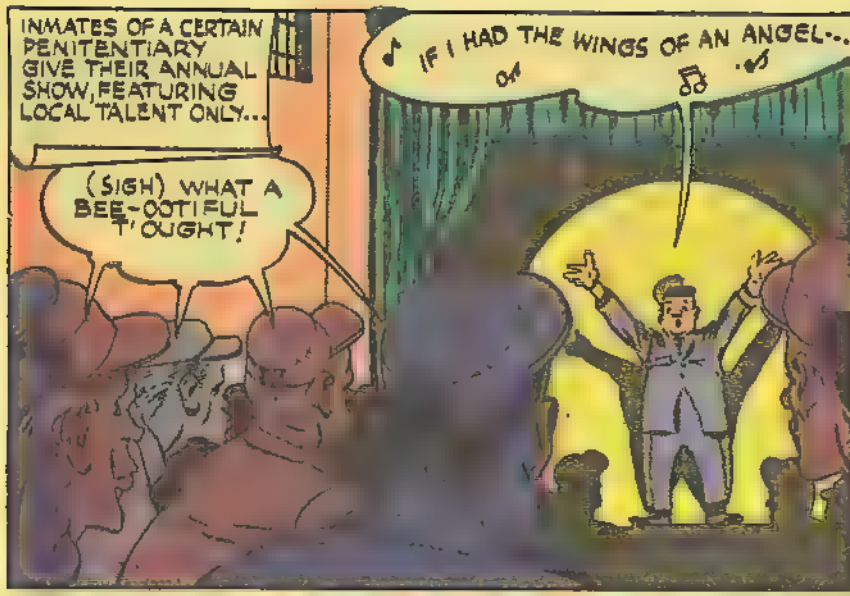
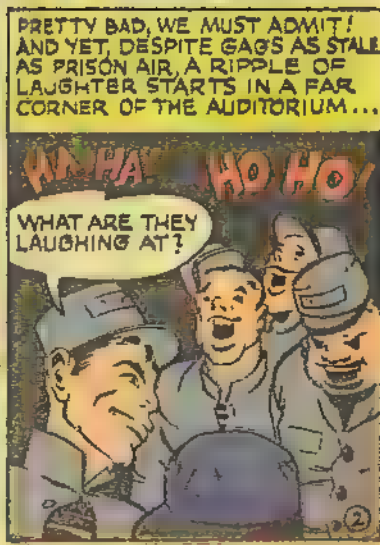
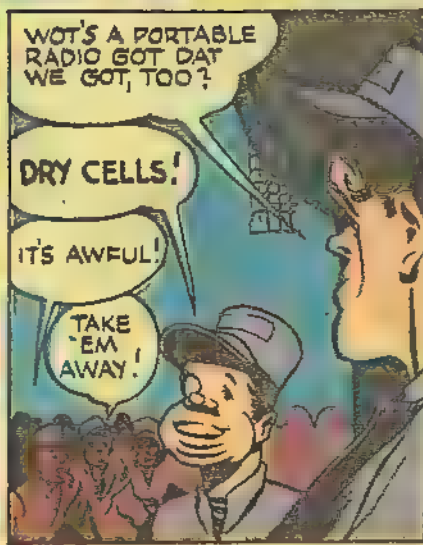
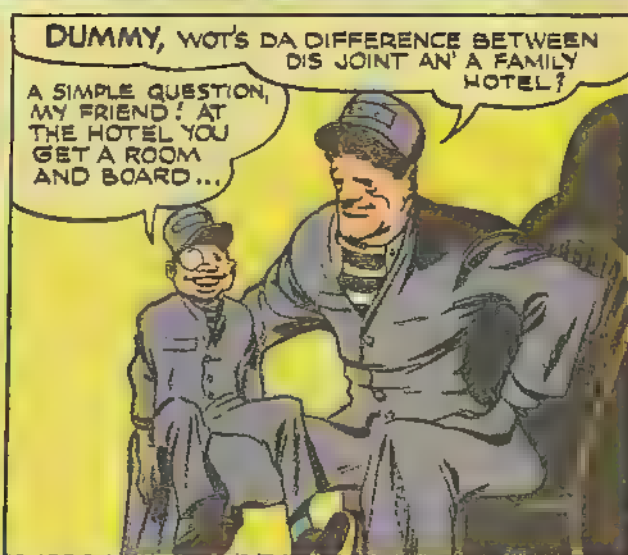
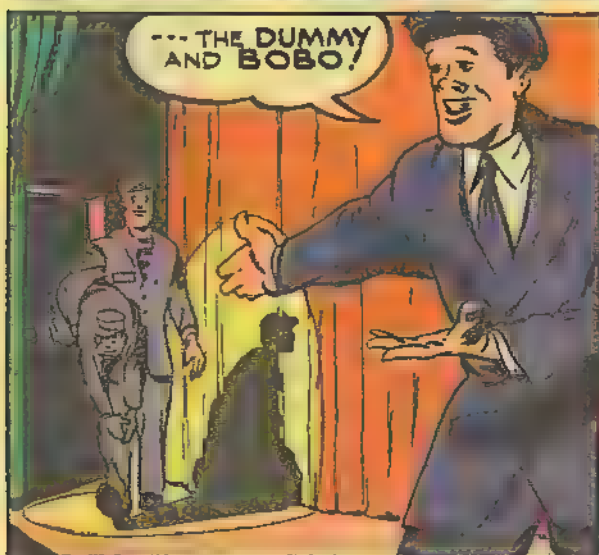
MORTON JR.
and
PARIS

INMATES OF A CERTAIN
PENITENTIARY
GIVE THEIR ANNUAL
SHOW, FEATURING
LOCAL TALENT ONLY...

(SIGH) WHAT A
BEE-OUTIFUL
T' OUGHT!

♪ IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL...
OF

NEXT ON THE PROGRAM ARE
THE LARGEST AND THE SMALL-
EST INMATES OF OUR INSTI-
TUTION, WELL-KNOWN TRUSTIES
ASSIGNED TO HOSPITAL DUTY...



...AND SPREADS...

HAR, HAR, HAR! HO, HO, HO!



--AND GROWS INTO A ROAD IN WHICH EVEN THE GUARDS JOIN...

WEE-EE-EEE!
(GASP) HA, HA!

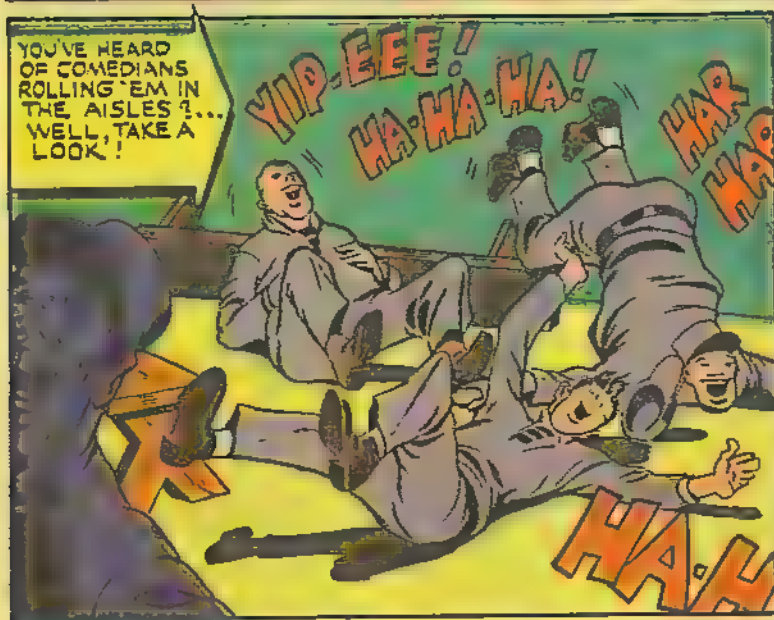
HAW, HAW!



YOU'VE HEARD
OF COMEDIANS
ROLLING 'EM IN
THE AISLES?...
WELL, TAKE A
LOOK!

YIP-EEE!
HA-HA-HA!

HAR
HAR



AS FOR THE PERFORMERS...

WOT A IDEA, SWIPIN' DAT LAFFIN'
GAS FROM DA HOSPITAL AN' TURNIN'
IT INTO DA
VENTILATORS!

SHUT UP, DUMBBELL,
AND USE YOUR CHEMIC-
ALLY TREATED HAND-
KERCHIEF AS A
MASK IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO LAUGH
YOURSELF SICK!



HURRY, FOOL! WE
WANT TO BE A LONG
WAY FROM HERE
BEFORE THE EFFECTS
OF THE GAS
WEAR OFF!



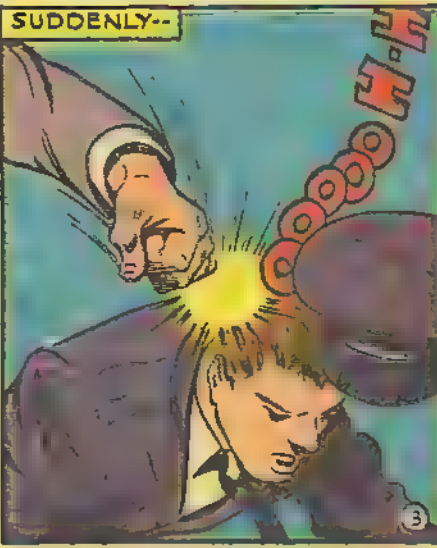
OUTSIDE THE
AUDITORIUM...

MUST BE QUITE
A SHOW-- I'VE
NEVER HEARD THE
CONVICTS LAUGH
THAT HARD
BEFORE!

HAHAHA



SUDDENLY--



SECONDS LATER...

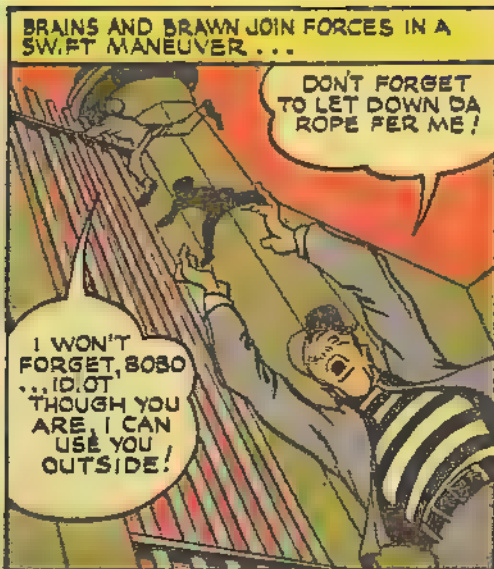
DON'T LET GO OF THEM TILL YOU'RE SURE THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS!



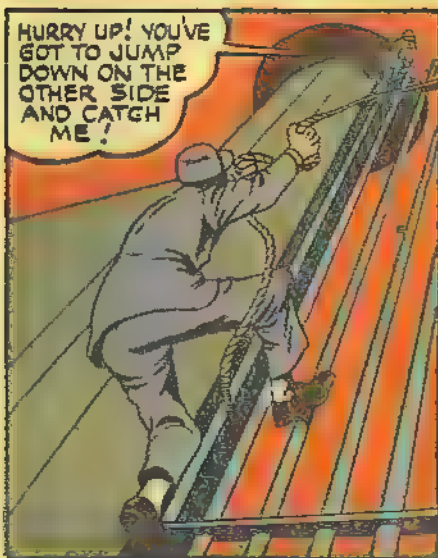
BRAINS AND BRAWN JOIN FORCES IN A SWIFT MANEUVER...

DON'T FORGET TO LET DOWN DA ROPE FER ME!

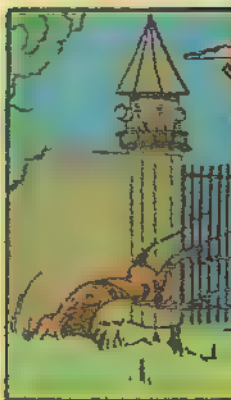
I WON'T FORGET, BOBO... IDIOT THOUGH YOU ARE, I CAN USE YOU OUTSIDE!



HURRY UP! YOU'VE GOT TO JUMP DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE AND CATCH ME!



MOMENTS LATER, A SHARP-EYED GUARD GLIMPSES A FLITTING SHADOW OUTSIDE THE GRIM WALLS, AND...



HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

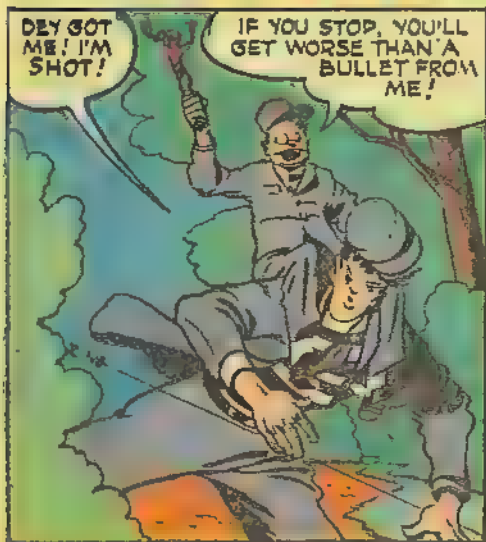
WE'LL GET KILLED IF WE DON'T GO BACK!

I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DO! KEEP GOING!



DEY GOT ME! I'M SHOT!

IF YOU STOP, YOU'LL GET WORSE THAN A BULLET FROM ME!



I TELL YA, I'M HOIT BAD! I GOTTA REST!

DO YOU WANT ME TO CAVE IN YOUR SKULL AND GO ON WITHOUT YOU?



MEANWHILE, IN A RADIO BROADCASTING STUDIO IN A NEARBY CITY...

THE SUPERVISOR SAYS TO BREAK IN ON THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S STUFF FOR THIS NEWS FLASH!

I'M STARTING TO FADE HIM OUT...



WE INTERRUPT TO BRING YOU A SENSATIONAL NEWS FLASH! THE DUMMY, MIGHTY MASTER OF CRIME, WHOSE AMAZING CAREER WAS HALTED BY THE FAMOUS VIGILANTE, HAS ESCAPED FROM STATE PRISON!



UNAWARE OF THE INTERRUPTION, GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, SWINGS INTO A DITTY WHICH HAS WON MUCH POPULARITY...

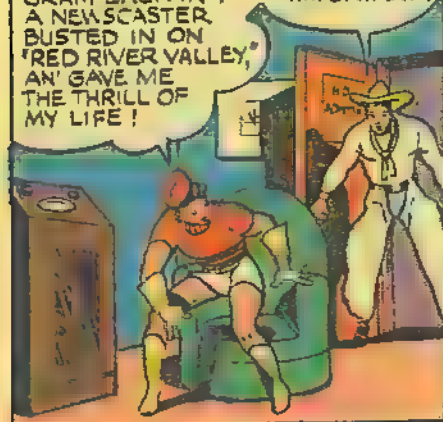
OH, SOME THROW DICE FOR
SKY-HIGH STAKES AND SOME
PLAY PENNY-ANTE--
BUT THOSE WHO GAMBLE
WITH THE LAW
MUST PAY THE
VIGILANTE!



STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, WAITS FOR HIS CROONING PAL AFTER THE BROADCAST...

BOY, WAS YOUR PROGRAM EXCITING!! A NEWSCASTER BUSTED IN ON 'RED RIVER VALLEY,' AN' GAVE ME THE THRILL OF MY LIFE!

SOMETHING IMPORTANT!



OH, NOTHIN' MUCH... MAYBE YA WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED, EVEN IF IT WAS ABOUT A GUY WHAT GAVE THE VIGILANTE PLENTY TROUBLE ONCE...

COME ON-- CUT THE STALLING AND GIVE!



IT SEEMS A SAWED-OFF SHRIMP CALLED THE DUMMY WENT ON A VACATION FROM THE BIG HOUSE, TAKIN' A MAN-MOUNTAIN ALONG WITH HIM!

THE DUMMY?? THERE SNT A MORE DANGEROUS CRIMINAL ALIVE!



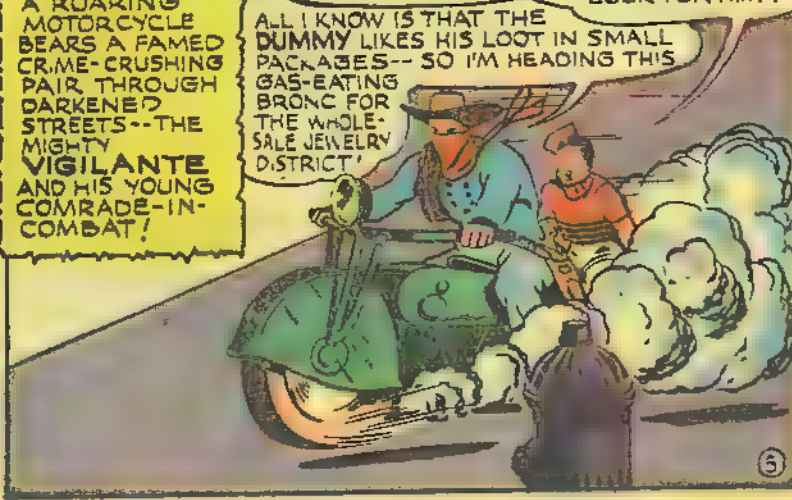
LET'S GO, PARDNER! THE DUMMY WILL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THIS TOWN--AND IF I KNOW HIM, HE WON'T WASTE ANY TIME GETTIN' TO WORK!



MINUTES LATER, A ROARING MOTORCYCLE BEARS A FAMED CRIME-CRUSHING PAIR THROUGH DARKENED STREETS--THE MIGHTY VIGILANTE AND HIS YOUNG COMRADE-IN-COMBAT!

BUT HOW YA GONNA KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR HIM?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE DUMMY LIKES HIS LOOT IN SMALL PACKAGES-- SO I'M HEADING THIS GAS-EATING BRONC FOR THE WHOLE-SALE JEWELRY DISTRICT!



AND NOW LET US SHIFT OUR ATTENTION TO ANOTHER PAIR, SAFELY SHELTERED IN A ROOMING HOUSE CATERING TO AN EXCLUSIVE UNDERWORLD CLIENTELE...

I TELL YA, I'M WOUNDED! I GOTTA TAKE IT, EASY!

BAH--A SCRATCH! GET UP, OR I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT!

NO BETTER ILLUSTRATION OF THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER COULD BE FOUND THAN IN THE SPECTACLE OF THE POWERFUL BUT DULL-WITTED BOBO CRINGING BEFORE THE SHREWD LITTLE TYRANT WHOM HE COULD CRUSH IN ONE HAND!



QUICKLY-- PUT ME IN THE BOX AND DELIVER IT TO THE JEWELER'S EXCHANGE! AND DON'T FORGET YOUR ORDERS, UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO MAKE YOU SORRY!

PRESENTLY, AT A DOWNTOWN BUILDING...

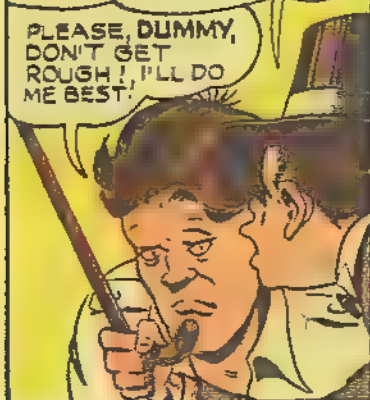
IN A CAREFULLY GUARDED LOFT, SKILLED MEN WORK DAY AND NIGHT CUTTING PRECIOUS STONES FOR THE MARKET!

PLEASE, DUMMY, DON'T GET ROUGH! I'LL DO ME BEST!

A IMPORTANT DELIVERY FER DA JOOLER'S EXCHANGE!

THERE ARE MEN STILL WORKING THERE. TAKE IT RIGHT UP!

MUST BE SOME NEW MACHINERY--PUT IT IN THE STORE-ROOM!

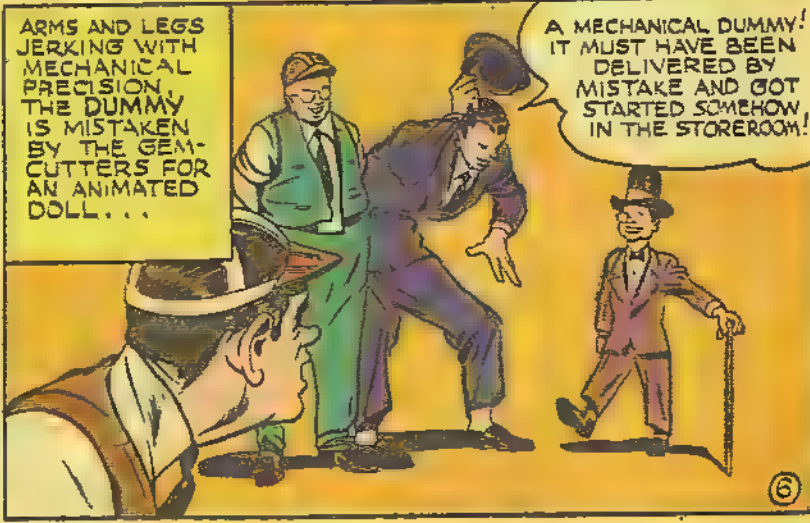


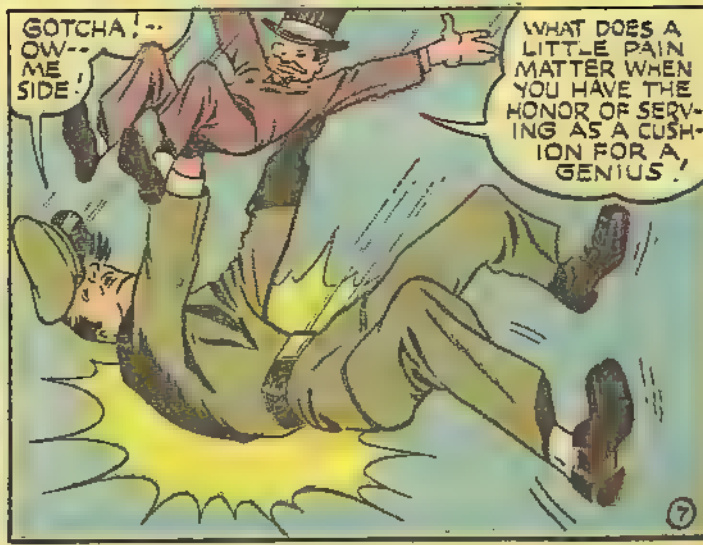
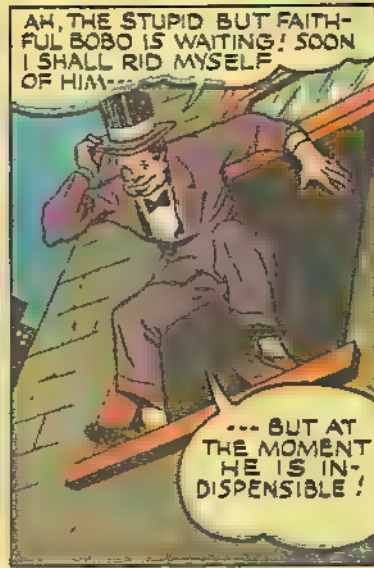
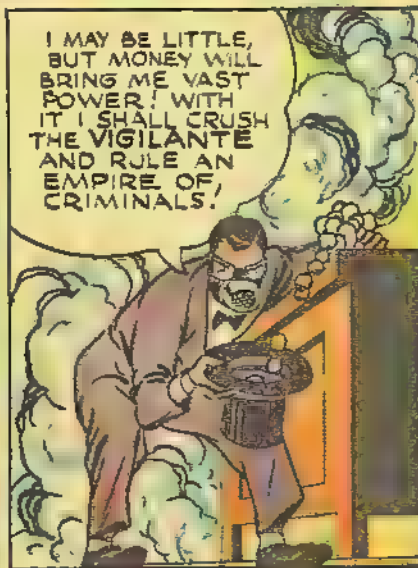
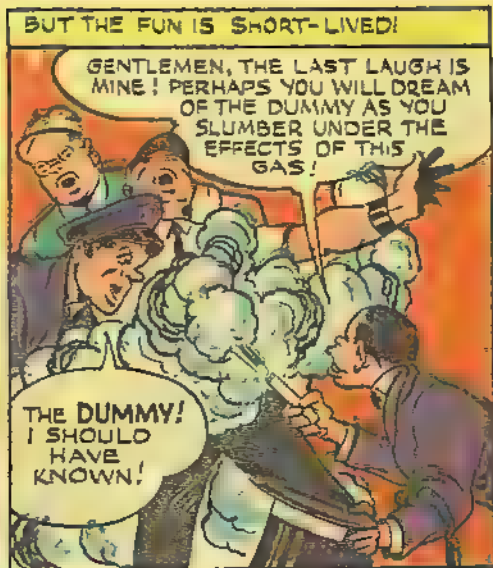
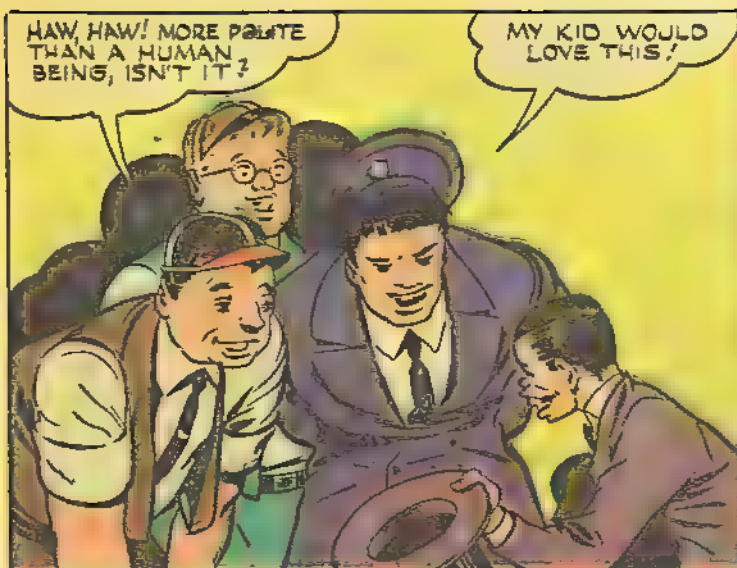
WHEN FIVE MINUTES HAVE PASSED...

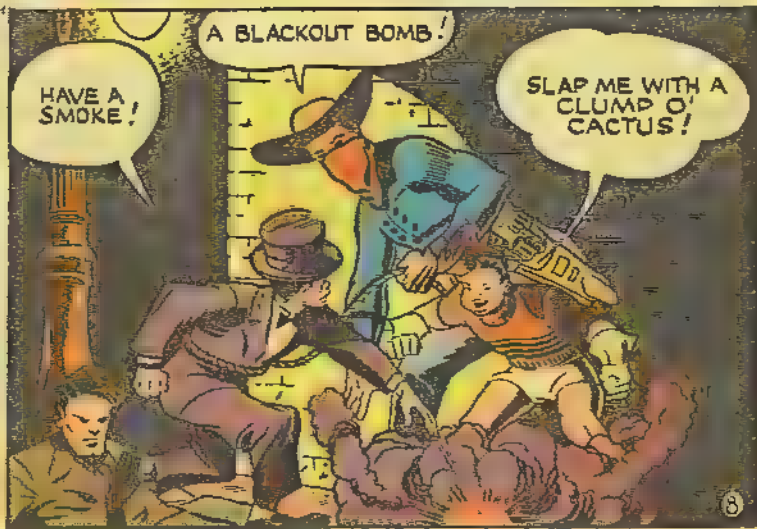
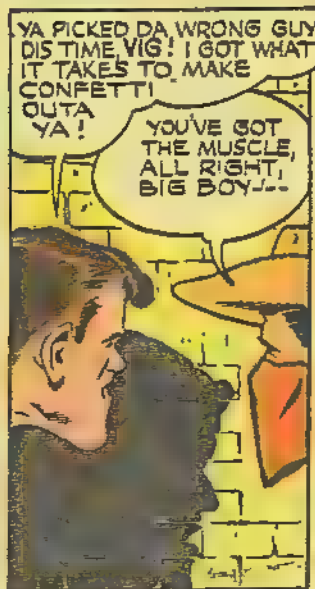
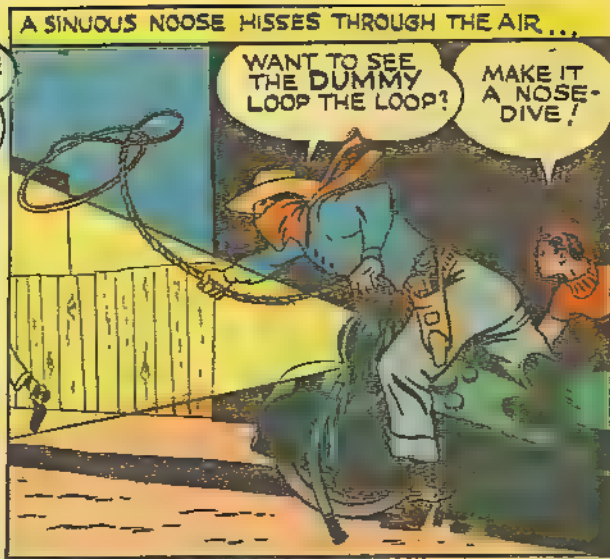
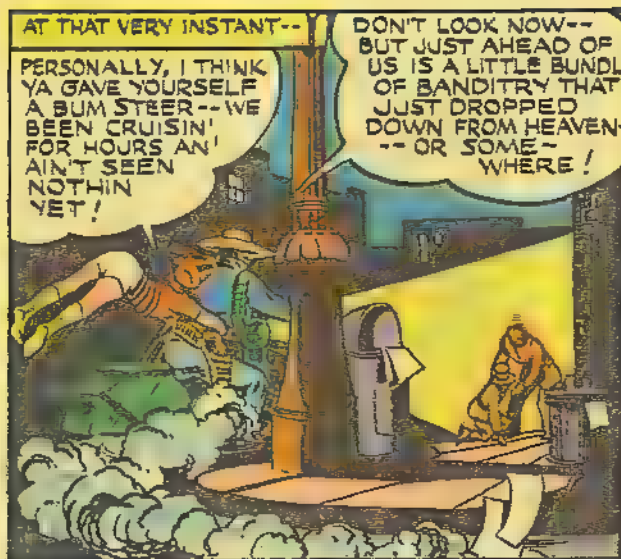
WHAT A PITY THAT A GENIUS LIKE ME SHOULD HAVE LANGUISHED SO LONG IN PRISON! AH, WELL-- IF THE VIGILANTE ANNOYS ME AGAIN, I'LL BE READY FOR HIM!

ARMS AND LEGS JERKING WITH MECHANICAL PRECISION, THE DUMMY IS MISTAKEN BY THE GEM-CUTTERS FOR AN ANIMATED DOLL...

A MECHANICAL DUMMY! IT MUST HAVE BEEN DELIVERED BY MISTAKE AND GOT STARTED SOMEHOW IN THE STOREROOM!





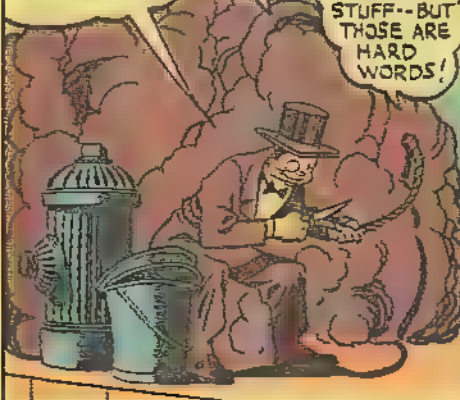


AN IMPROMPTU BLACKOUT ENVELOPS THE VIGILANT LAWMAN AND THE CHINATOWN KID...

WHAT A PITY TO SPOIL SUCH A NICE PIECE OF STRING!

GOT YA-YA (IMITATION MCCARTHY)!

I DON'T MIND YOUR TAKING A POKE AT ME STUFF--BUT THOSE ARE HARD WORDS!



SHORTLY--

I'LL WHITTLE YA DOWN TO-- HUH? YOU!

I CAN'T SAY I'M FLATTERED... BUT LET'S FIND OUR WAY OUT OF THE FOG!



BUT THE WILY DUMMY HAS TURNED THE TABLES NEATLY!

AU REVOIR, FRIENDS! HA, HA, HA!

THERE THEY GO! HOPE THEY DON'T USE TOO MUCH GAS!



THAT NIGHT THE MANIKIN OF CRIME TAKES A MORE SERIOUS VIEW OF THINGS...

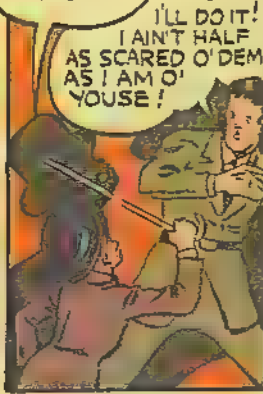
WE'LL NEVER BE SAFE TILL WE'RE RID OF THE VIGILANTE--AND YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO CARRY OUT MY SCHEME!

NIX, DUMMY! I'M SCARED TA DEATH O' HIM AN HIS TOUGH LITTLE PAL!



YOU MAKE ME SICK! YOU COULD THRASH A GRIZZLY BEAR--BUT YOU HAVEN'T THE COURAGE OF A RABBIT! YOU DO AS I SAY, OR---

I'LL DO IT! I AIN'T HALF AS SCARED O' DEM AS I AM O' YOUSE!



SO IT IS THAT GREG SANDERS RECEIVES A PHONE CALL IN THE WEE, SMALL HOURS...

YES, THIS IS THE PRAIRIE TROU-BADOUR...YES, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN CONTACT THE VIGILANTE...

DIS IS BOBO, DA GUY WOT WAS WIT' DA DUMMY.. DA LITTLE RAT TRIED TA DOUBLE-CROSS ME, AN' I WANNA GET EVEN!



AND SO, ONCE AGAIN, THE VIGILANTE RIDES THE ADVENTURE TRAIL!

THERE'S THE HOUSE BOBO TOLD US ABOUT! MAYBE IT'S A TRAP, SO YOU'D BETTER WAIT HERE!

ME! HO-HUM...I'M RARIN' TO GO! I'M SIMPLY DYIN' FOR EXCITEMENT! (YAWN) CAN'T KEEP ME BACK!



SH-H-H-H! HE'S ASLEEP!

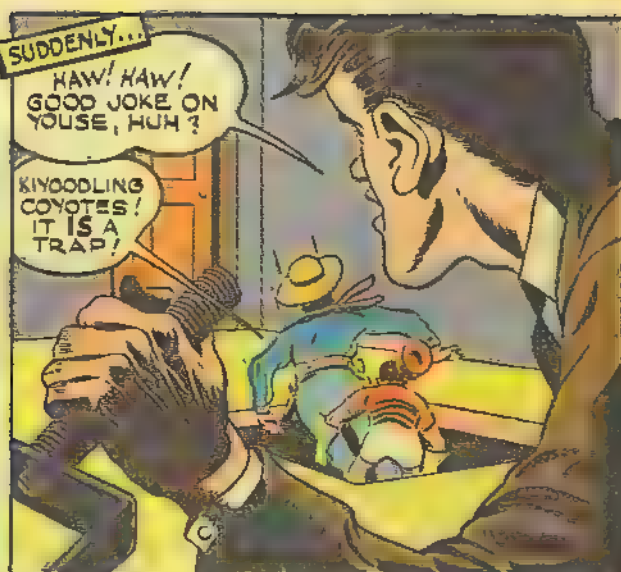
DON'T FORGET, BOBO--IT'S OUR JOB TO SEND YOU BACK TO PRISON TOO, WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL THIS TIME!





HE'S IN DERE!

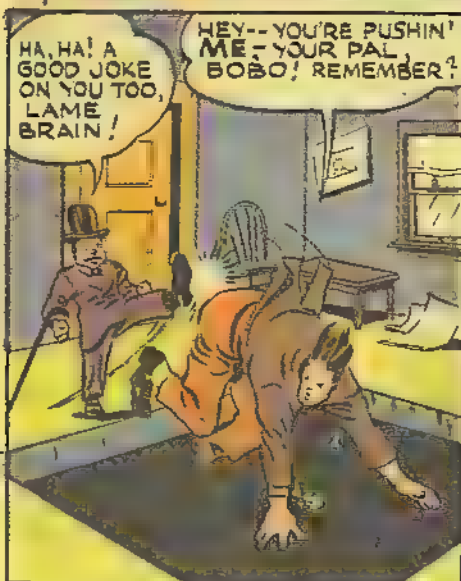
HO-HUM--WATCH OUT
FOR TRICKS, VIG!



SUDDENLY...

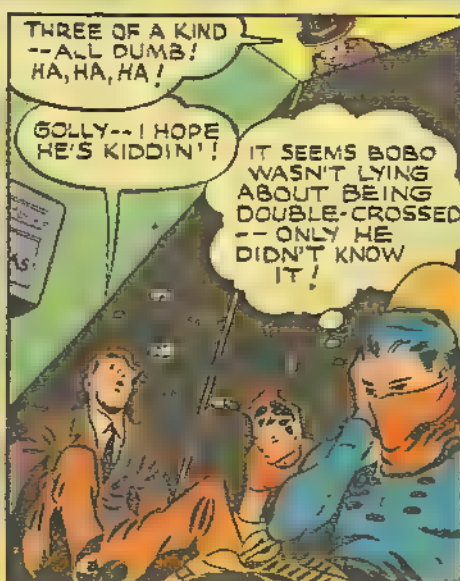
HAW! HAW!
GOOD JOKE ON
YOUSE, HUM?

KIWOODLING
COYOTES!
IT IS A
TRAP!



HA, HA! A
GOOD JOKE
ON YOU TOO,
LAME
BRAIN!

HEY--YOU'RE PUSHIN'
ME--YOUR PAL
BOBO! REMEMBER?



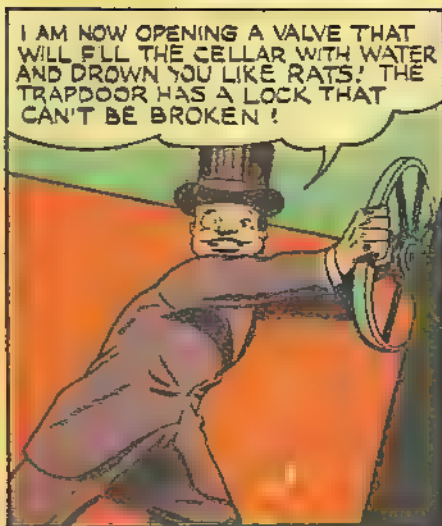
THREE OF A KIND
--ALL DUMB!
HA, HA, HA!

GOLLY--I HOPE
HE'S KIDDIN'!

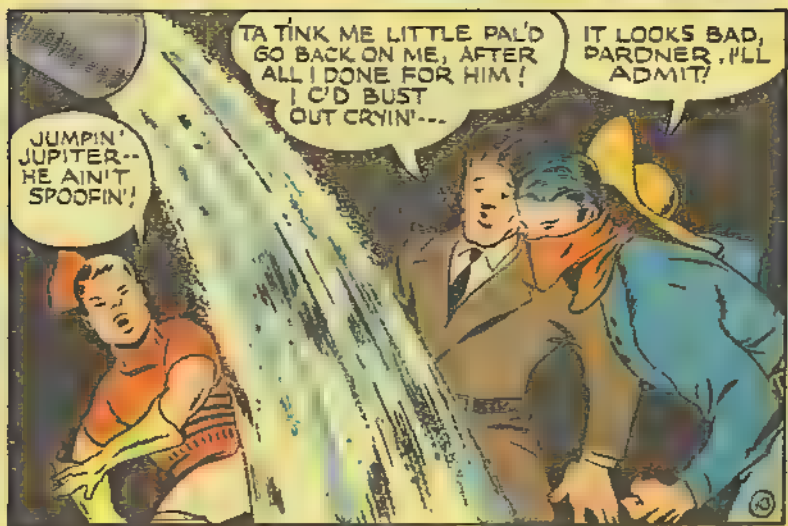
IT SEEMS BOBO
WASN'T LYING
ABOUT BEING
DOUBLE-CROSSED
-- ONLY HE
DIDN'T KNOW
IT!



BOBO'S STUPIDITY WAS
GETTING ON MY
NERVES, SO I WON'T
MISS HIM! BUT I'M
AFRAID MY LIFE WILL
LACK A CERTAIN ZEST
FROM NOW ON.
VIGILANTE --NOT
HAVING YOU ON
MY TRAIL!



I AM NOW OPENING A VALVE THAT
WILL FILL THE CELLAR WITH WATER
AND DROWN YOU LIKE RATS! THE
TRAPDOOR HAS A LOCK THAT
CAN'T BE BROKEN!



TA TINK ME LITTLE PAL'D
GO BACK ON ME, AFTER
ALL I DONE FOR HIM!
I C'D BUST
OUT CRYIN'...

IT LOOKS BAD,
PARDNER. I'LL
ADMIT!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER--
HE AIN'T
SPOOFIN'!

THE TRAPDOOR IS SHUT
AND BOLTED ---

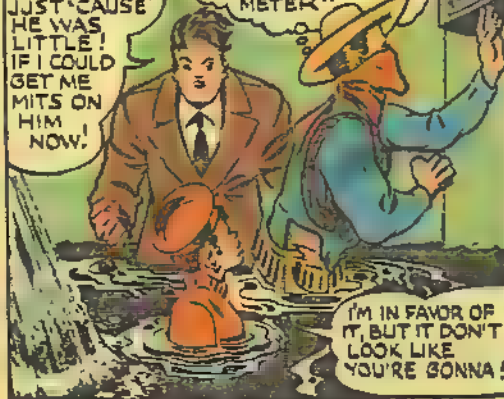
TA-TA, BOYS! BY THE TIME
THE WATER REACHES THE
TOP OF YOUR HEADS, I'LL BE
ON MY WAY TO KEEP A
DATE WITH A JEWELRY
SALESMAN AT
THE HOTEL
GRANDE!



BOBO'S DESPAIR TURNS TO ALL-CONSUMING
WRATH AS THE WATER RISES RELENTLESSLY..

TA TINK I US ETA
LET HIM KICK
ME AROUND
JUST 'CAUSE
HE WAS
LITTLE!
IF I COULD
GET ME
MITS ON
HIM
NOW!

NOTHING HERE TO
HELP US ESCAPE --
UNLESS IT'S THAT GAS
METER..



I'M IN FAVOR OF
IT, BUT IT DON'T
LOOK LIKE
YOU'RE GONNA!

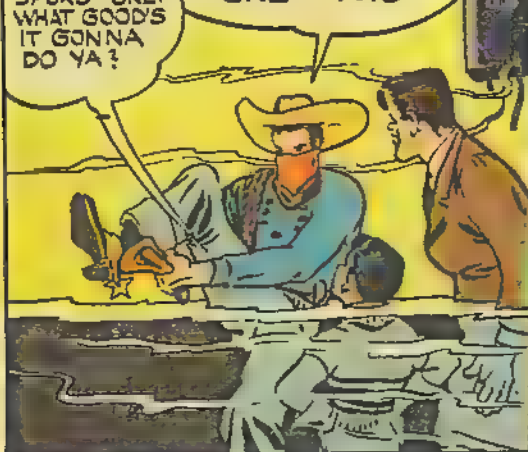
WHAT'S THE IDEA? ISN'T
DROWNIN' GOOD ENOUGH
FOR YA?

IF YOU BREATHE
CLOSE TO THE SURFACE
OF THE WATER, THE
GAS WON'T KILL
YOU -- NOT
FOR
AWHILE!

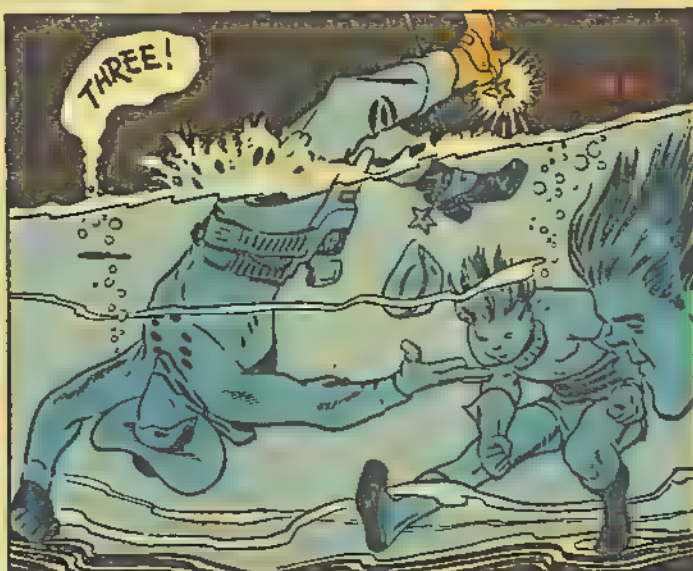


IT AIN'T THAT I
MIND YA USIN'
MY CAP TO
SHINE YOUR
SPURS - ONLY
WHAT GOOD'S
IT GONNA
DO YA?

I'M DRYING 'EM! SAVE YOUR
BREATH NOW, AND GET
READY TO DIVE WHEN
I COUNT THREE!
ONE -- TWO --



THREE!



WHAT BEGAN AS A TINY SPARK
STRUCK BY A SPURRED HEEL
ENDS AS -- THIS!

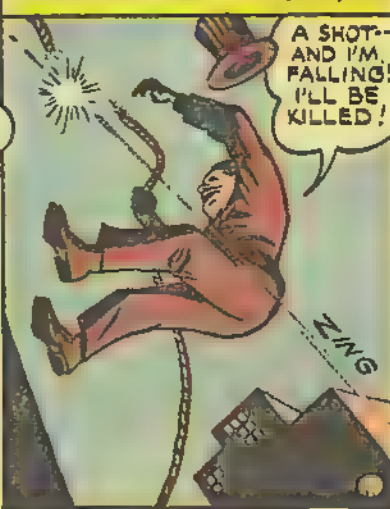


LATER, IN THE GRAY LIGHT JUST
BEFORE DAWN, A SMALL FIGURE
SCALES THE SHEER WALL OF THE
HOTEL GRANDE WITH THE
AID OF AN ELECTRICAL
WIRE ---

A WHIFF OF GAS WILL KEEP
MY PROSPECT SLEEPING WHILE
I PICK UP HIS JEWEL SAMPLES --
AND THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE
ANY VIGILANTE TO
BUTT IN, OR
ANY BOBO
TO GET HIS
SIGNALS
MINED!



ABRUPTLY, THE THUNDER OF A
COLT .44 SHATTERS THE QUIET, AND --



A SHOT --
AND I'M
FALLING!
I'LL BE
KILLED!

ZING

BUT BRAWNY ARMS SAVE THE DUMMY FROM BEING
DASHED TO DEATH AGAINST THE PAVEMENT ...

NICE OF BOBO TO SAVE YOUR
LIFE AFTER YOU TRIED TO
KILL HIM, EH, DUMMY?

BOBO! VIGILANTE--
IT SNT POSSIBLE!

YOU'RE FORGETTIN
ME--BUT I
AIN'T FOR-
GETTIN
YOU!



AW PLEASE,
VIG, JUST
ONE
POKE!?

TAKE IT EASY
STUFF--THIS
IS BOBO'S
INNING!

GIMME FIVE MIN-
UTES WITH 'EM AN'
I'LL GO BACK T DA
BIG HOUSE
WITHOUT
NO FUSS!



DON'T, BOBO, I WAS ONLY
FOOLING! OW!

OOO-KHH!
I CAN'T
BEAR TO
LOOK!

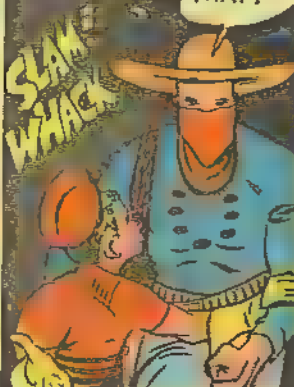
YER ALL
T'ROUGH FOOLIN'
ME, YA LITTLE
PUNK!



HELP! HE'S KILLING ME!

YA GOTTA STOP
IT, VIG!

I GUESS IT'S
TIME, AT
THAT!



DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S ENOUGH, BOBO?

AW, CHEE--I
WAS JUST GET-
TIN' WARMED
UP!

OH, THE
INDIGNITY
OF IT--AND
THE PAIN!



LATER.

I GUESS
YOU CAN
SEE THAT THEY
FIND THEIR WAY
BACK TO PRISON,
CAN'T
YOU, SARGE?

YOU BET I CAN, VIGILANTE!
SIT 'EM DOWN ON THE
BENCH YONDER,
AN' TELL ME
ABOUT
IT!

ER--I'LL
KEEP STAND-
ING, IF YOU
DONT MIND,
GENTLEMEN!



DAYS LATER...

IF THE
DUMMY EVER
BREAKS LOOSE
AGAIN, HE'LL
HAVE TO FIND
ANOTHER
MUSCLE MAN,
EH, VIG?

SPEAKING OF
BOBO--HE HAS
GOOD INSTINCTS--
TOO BAD THEY'RE
MISDIRECTED.



THE ROUGH-RIDING VIGILANTE, AND THE ROOTIN',
TOOTIN', CHINATOWN KID, TANGLE WITH TROUBLE
AGAIN IN A DOUBLE-ACTION ADVENTURE
FEATURE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF

ACTION COMICS! 12

The 3 ACES

HERE IS A RECIPE FOR
HIGH EXCITEMENT:
IMPRISON WILL AND FOG...
SEND GUNNER ON THEIR
TRAIL...
INTRODUCE NORWEGIAN
GUERRILLAS...
AND SPRINKLE WITH
DREADED GESTAPO AGENTS!

PLACE THE MIXTURE IN
A SEETHING CAULDRON
OF INTRIGUE AND
**"DOUBLE-X
FOR THE
AXIS"**

IS READY TO BE SERVED,
PIPING HOT AND FULL
OF EXPLOSIVES!



DAWN IN THE ICY, STORMY NORTH
ATLANTIC... THE U.S. AIRPLANE CAR-
RIER ROOSEVELT TURNS SLOWLY
INTO WIND TO RECEIVE HER RETURNING
BROOD OF AMERICAN EAGLES!

BUT SOME EAGLES DO NOT COME
BACK...

POOR WILL AND FOG... YOU ARE
SHOT DOWN IN THE FIRST BRUSH WITH THE KRAUTS! WANTED IN
COMMANDER PAULSON'S CABIN, SIR!



APPREHENSIVELY, GUNNER HURRIES TO THE CABIN OF THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER----

LIEUTENANT GUNNER REPORTING, SIR! I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO A NAZI BROADCAST. IT'S IN ENGLISH-- MAYBE YOU CAN IDENTIFY THE VOICE!

WE'VE MISUNDERSTOOD THE NAZIS. THEY'RE REGULAR FELLOWS LIKE US! THEY'VE TREATED US SNELL!

WHY... WHY... IT'S WILL'S VOICE!

AND SURE ENOUGH IT IS! FOR IN THE GESTAPO RADIO STATION OF KRISTIANSUND, A SMALL FISHING VILLAGE OFF NORWAY, WILL AND FOG BROADCAST FOR THE ENEMY!

I'LL SPEAK AGAIN AT 2 P.M. I'LL HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT OUR NAZI FRIENDS!

YUS, WE'LL HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL BLAST YOU OUT OF YOUR CHAIRS!

IT WAS AN INTERESTING BROADCAST! THANK YOU FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION, AMERICANS!

WE'D LIKE TO STRETCH OUR LEGS AND SEE THE TOWN.

YOU MAY, I'VE NO OBJECTION!

AS THEY EMERGE FROM THE RADIO STATION, WILL AND FOG STEER UNERRINGLY TOWARD THE WATERFRONT.

THESE JERRY BLOKES ARSKS US TO BROADCAST H'OVER THE BLOOMING WIRELESS, AND YOU H'AGREES. I SAYS WOT YER TELLS ME, BUT, BLYME! I CAN'T SEE---

PIPE DOWN, FOG! A COUPLE OF GESTAPO STOOSES ARE SHADOWING US!

LOOK AT THAT! SHE'S THE NAZI BATTLESHIP, KAISER WILHELM, STEAMING OUT UNDER ESCORT! SHE'S GOING TO RAID OUR CONVOYS! LISTEN CLOSELY, FOG, BZZZZ-----

AH--- I SEE, YUS, I DO!

2 P.M. AND WILL MAKES HIS PROMISED BROADCAST----

---AND WE TOOK A WALK. KRISTIANSUND HARBOR IS DESERTED, JUST LIKE SAN DIEGO. I WAIT A MINUTE. WHEN THE FLEET WAS LEFT, IT'S SO PEACEFUL THAT GULLS FLY LAZILY OVER IT! HIT'S RUDDY SILLY TO SEND OUR CONVOYS ACROSS THE BLOOMING POND! THEY'LL BE SUNK!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE ROOSEVELT, GUNNER LISTENS IN ALMOST VAIN HOPE TO FIND A CLUE TO HIS FRIEND'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR----

THAT'S ALL, FRIENDS! GOODBYE!

WHAT ARE WILL AND FOG UP TO? I'M SURE THEY'RE TRYING TO PASS A MESSAGE---

THAT'S IT!
KRISTANSUND HARBOR
DESERTED... LIKE SAN
DEGO WHEN THE FLEET HAS
LEFT... OUR CONVOYS
SUNK...



GUNNER BARGES INTO COMMANDER
PAULSONS CABIN BREATHLESS
W/ - EXCITEMENT...

WELL AND FORGOTTEN THE R.A.F.
AFTER BROADCAST... REPORTED THE
SR! WHAT WARSHIP WAS IN KRISTIAN-
SUND HARBOR? KAISER WILHELM
AND HER ESCORT DESTROYERS



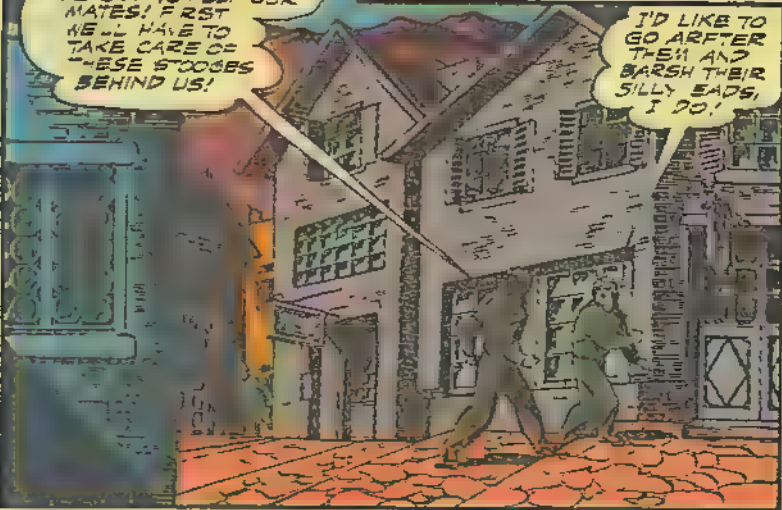
DID
THEY
SAY?

THEY SAID THAT KRISTANSUND HARBOR
IS DESERTED, JUST LIKE THAT MEANS
SAN DEGO WHEN OUR FLEET WAS LEFT
AND THEY HUNTED... THAT THE KAISER
WILHELM WAS BE-
KRISTANSUND TO
RAID OUR CONVOYS!
... GET A TOUCH
W/ THE
CAPTAIN!



MEANWHILE IN THE STREETS
OF THE SLEEPY NORWEGIAN
VILLAGE...

BEFORE WE ESCAPE,
WE GOT TO HELP OUR
MATES! FIRST
WE'LL HAVE TO
TAKE CARE OF
THESE STOOBES
BEHIND US!



I'D LIKE TO
GO AFTER
THEM AND
BASH THEIR
SILLY HEADS,
I DO!

GET IN HERE!
WE'LL NAB THEM
EASILY!

I OPEE THEY SLIP
AND BRYKE THEIR
SNEAKY NOSES,
THAT'S WHAT
I OPEE!



WHERE DID THE
AMERICANS GO?
THE INSPECTOR
WILL BE ANGRY
IF WE LOSE
THEM!

HE DOESN'T
TAKE
EXCUSES!
HE SHOOTS
THOSE WHO
FAIL!



LET'S CLEAN
THEM UP
QUICKLY
NOW!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?
DISGRACEFUL,
I'D SAY!



MADAM, MAY I GIVE YOU
A PRESENT OF A PAIR
OF TRUSSED PEGS?
YOUR PATROL'S KNOW
WHAT TO DO W/ THEM!

AVER CANS!
COME Y
BEFORE
YOU'RE
SEEN!



YOU'LL FIND A COMPLETE MAP OF
THE LAZ ARPORT, INCLUDING PETROL
TANKS AND THE
GALLERY HERE, AS
YOU ASKED
ME. SA
HERD. ACCORD-
ING TO
YOUR
PLAN!

...KADON WERE TWO
NAZIS GUARD A
...POWERFUL CAR!

DID YOU
SEE
HAYS?

**SHE
WINKED
AT US!
COME ON,
WE'LL BE
FRIENDS!**

LET'S GET
GOING!
THERE'S HOPE
THERE'S ENOUGH
GAS TO MAKE
THE
A REPORT!

11 YBE --B
 3 LAZS-ED
 JERRIES WILL
 BE MORE
 CAREFUL OF
 YAKS AFTER
 HERE --GO-G
 A RUDY EYED
 --EHI

WILL AND FOG ARRIVE AT THE AIRPORT,
UNNOTICED BY NAZIS, BUSY WITH KEEPING
FOCKE-WULFS IN FIGHTING TRIM.

IF GURE THE OLD MAN'D
SEND FIGHT YG TEN TO
KEEP THE KRAFTS
GROUNDED WAVE OUR
BOYBERS RUS- THE
KAISER WILHELM...

TAKE
IT EASY,
BUCKO!

THERE'S
THE GALLERY
WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO
THERE!

YOU TAKE A BAG FULL
OF THOSE 25-ES!
WE'LL NEED THEM
TO DELAY THE
NAZIS WHEN WE
HAVE TO ESCAPE

BLYME,
 H -
 PATRE
 R GONG
 DO A TH
 L THESE
 THINGS

LOOK AT
THIS... FIVE
POUNDS OF
SUGAR WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE JAGS.

PUT THE DISHES
INTO THE CAR...
WELL DUMP THE
SUGAR INTO THE
GAS STORAGE
TANK!

SUGAR
A THE
PETROL-
TANK?
HOT GOOD
DOES Y
202

IT DOES EVERYTHING.
FOG! FOR INSTANCE,
IT CLOGS THE CARBURETORS
AND FEED PIPES.
SUCKED GAS IN
THE CYLINDERS
CATCHES FIRE!

T-ATS
A NEW ONE
ON ME, YUS
H.T.S!

SUDDENLY THE VAZ RADIO
BLARES FORTH A STRIDENT ORDER

ACHTUNG! THE
KAISER WILHELM
IS ATTACKED BY
AMERICAN PLANES!
RUSH ALL FIGHTERS
TO THE SCENE!

GREAT!
THE BOYS GOT
OUR NOTE!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, FIGHTING SQUADRON TEN APPEARS OVER THE AIRPORT---

LOOK!
AMERICAN
PLANES!

FIGHTRON FROM
COMFIGHTRON---
ATTACK!

FIGHTRON FROM COMFIGHTRON-- FIGHTING SQUADRON FROM
COMMANDER OF FIGHTING SQUADRON--

AS FIGHTING TEN'S WILDCATS
GO INTO SCREAMING DIVES, THE
NAZI CRATES BACKFIRE
EXPLOSIVELY!

WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO MY
ENGINE?

IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE
ATTACKING WILDCATS, GLYNER
HORSES HIS PLANE TO A TARGET.

SAY! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE
BOYS' WORK,
ALL
RIGHT!

RETURNING FROM THE ATTACK, GLYNER SEES THE KAISER WILHELM
STAGGERING UNDER A WITHERING BOMBARDMENT!

THAT'S THE END OF
MR. HITLER'S MIGHTIEST
BATTLESHIP, SUNK
ON HER FIRST
CRUISE!

MEANWHILE, THEIR RUSE DIS-
COVERED, WILL AND FOS FLEE
FROM PURSUING GESTAPO CARS.

WE'VE OUTWITTED
THEM BY TAKING A
SIDEROAD, BUT
THEY'LL FIND US! LET'S
STOP HERE AND
PLANT OUR
DISHES!

THAT'S A
RUDDY
WYSTE OF
TIME, YUS
IT IS!

NO, IT ISN'T! PLANT THOSE DISHES AND
COVER THEM WITH A LITTLE SOIL, IT MAY BE
A LAND MINE, SEE? THEN THE KRAUTS WILL
HAVE TO STOP! WE'LL
PLANT MORE DISHES
A MILE AWAY, AND
THEN JOIN THE
NORWEGIAN
GUERRILLAS!

SHORTLY AFTER WILL AND FOG
PLANT THEIR DIS-ES---

STOP!
LOOK AT
THAT!

JA, JA,
JAWOHL!

SCREECH!

DER TEUFEL! I DON'T
KNOW IF IT'S A REAL
LAND MINE, OR A FAKE!
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR
OUR ENGINEERS TO
TEST IT!

ALL
TELEPHONE
LINES HAVE
BEEN CUT,
SIR!

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE U.S.
AIRPLANE CARRIER ROOSEVELT
RETURNS TO LONDONDERRY,
NORTH IRELAND---

I DON'T SEE HOW WILL AND
FOG COULD HAVE ESCAPED
THE KRAUTS AFTER ALL.
MAYBE THEY'RE---

SAY...
THAT'S A
NORWEGIAN
FISHING
SHACK!
ESCAPED FROM
THE NAZIS---

AFTER THE ROOSEVELT AND THE NORWEGIAN SHACK MOOR TO THE
SAME WHARF, GUNNER HURRIES DOWN THE GANGPLANK---

MAYBE THOSE FELLOWS
HAVE NEWS ABOUT
WILL AND FOG!

AM I DREAMING...
IT CAN'T BE WILL
AND FOG... YES,
IT IS... HEY,
WILL! FOG!

LOOK AT
GUNNER!
HE'S
CRYING!

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU,
GUYS?

NOTHING MUCH, WE GAVE
THE KRAUTS A HEADACHE,
AND THEN JOINED
NORWEGIAN GUERRILLAS.
WE HEARD SOME FISHER-
MEN WERE PLANNING
TO ESCAPE TO ENGLAND,
SO WE JOINED
THEM!

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



Save your nickels, buy a
Stamp.
Take old Adolf into camp.
Save your dollars, buy a
Bond.
Don't let cash sit in the
pocket.
Save Uncle Sam. There's
no way to live
For American kids to look
the Future!



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

AMERICOMMANDO

"ONLY THOSE ARE FIT TO LIVE WHO ARE NOT AFRAID TO DIE"... GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR



WITH
RELENTLESS
CUNNING, DR. ITO...
SINISTER EXPERT OF
ASSASSINATION IN WHOSE
VEINS MINGLES THE BRUTALITY
OF GERMANY'S NAZIS AND THE
TREACHERY OF JAPAN'S SAMURAI
...PURSUES AMERICOMMANDO
TO FIND HIM AT LAST, LOCKED IN A
CONCENTRATION CAMP... AND
BEFORE THE TOUGHEST, SMARTEST
AMERICAN SOLDIER BREAKS
OUT OF THE FIENDISH CLUTCHES
OF THE EVIL LITTLE ONE,
HE DISCOVERS THE DEEP
WISDOM IN THE WORDS OF A
GREAT GENERAL IN THIS
THRILLING TALE
OF...

"THE BRIGADE OF THE BITING
RABBIT"!

THE IRON FIST OF NAZI TERROR STRIKES SUDDENLY AT A LITTLE TOWN ON THE SOMME RIVER NEAR THE FRENCH CHANNEL COAST.

EVERY MAN MUST BE CAPTURED! WE ARE THE CONQUERORS AND THEY ARE OUR SLAVES! KILL ANY-ONE WHO RESISTS!

JA. HERR KAPITAN!

TAKE THE PRISONERS TO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP!!

YOU BEASTS! UGH!

THE HELPLESS VICTIMS ARE LED AWAY...LEAVING THEIR DEAR ONES BEHIND...

THEY ARE TAKING HOSTAGES AGAIN! THEY WILL SHOOT OUR MEN!

PAPA! WHERE IS MY PAPA?

BEHIND THE SCENES, DIRECTING THE BRUTAL ROUND-UP, IS THE SINISTER DR. ITO

NO, HE IS NOT AMONG THEM! I WANT EVERY ONE OF THESE DOGS BROUGHT IN, GENERAL SCHWINDLER!

JA, JA, HERR DOKTOR!

AMERICOMMANDO ALWAYS STRIKES WHERE IT WILL HURT US MOST! THIS BRIDGE OVER THE SOMME IS THE KEY TO OUR DEFENSE.

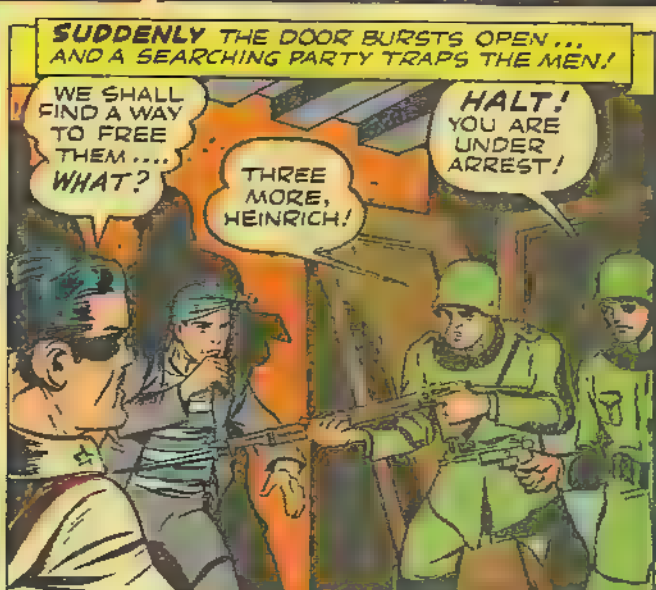
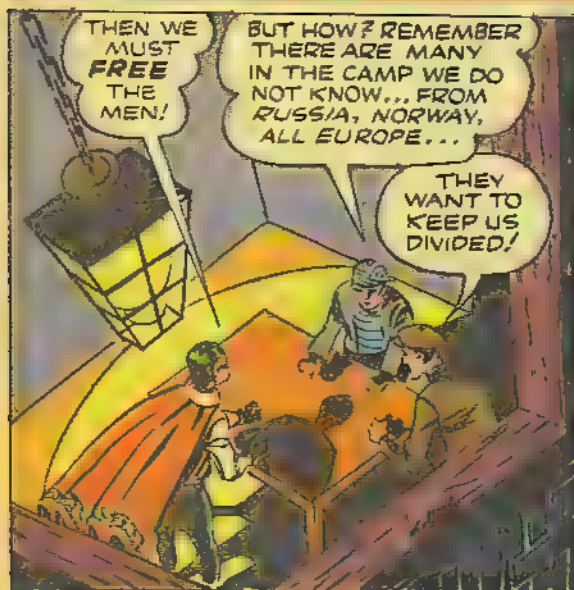
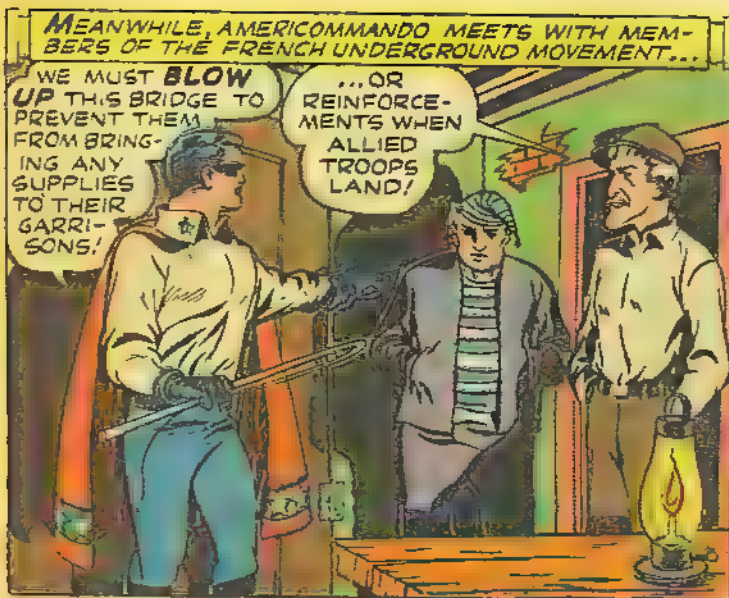
AND WE HAF NOT ENOUGH MEN HERE.

BUT I, THE LITTLE ONE, AM HERE!

I CANNOT BE FOOLED! LET AMERICOMMANDO COME! ALL HIS TRAINING WILL NOT HELP HIM AGAINST ME!

I HAF EXTRA GUARDS ON THE BRIDGE!

THAT IS GOOD! AMERICOMMANDO WILL BE STOPPED!





WAIT! THOSE TWO SOLDIERS HAVE GIVEN ME AN IDEA... THE CAMP IS NEAR THE BRIDGE... LISTEN... THIS IS WHAT YOU MUST DO...

OUI, OUI,
AMERICOMMANDO!
I UNDERSTAND
PERFECTLY!

MY
CLOTHES ?
PARBLEU !!

THESE
AMERICANS!
THEY ARE ZE
DAREDEVILS!

VE VILL SAY VE
CAPTURED
HIM ZINGLE-
HANDED,
JA?

**IN
YOU
GO!**

OUI, WITH PLEASURE! I WOULD FIGHT TO BE **FREE**, MAYBE DIE, YES... BUT IT IS BETTER THAN BEING A **SLAVE!**

INSIDE
THE
PRISON
CELLS.
THE
LIMP
FIGURE
BECOMES
STRANGE
-LY
ACTIVE

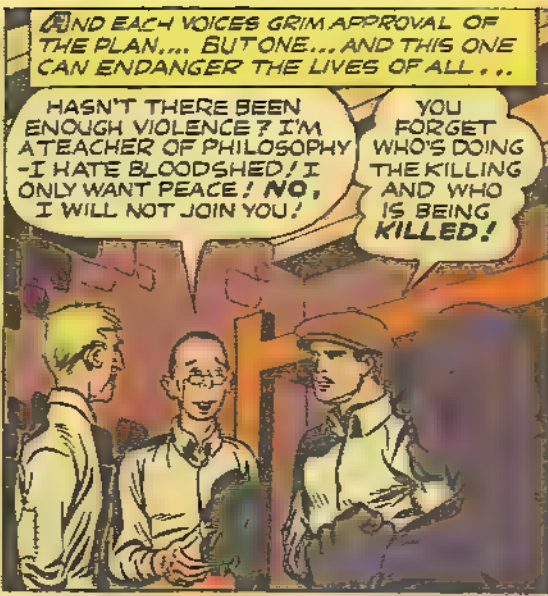
FROM GROUP TO GROUP, THE NEW PRISONER MOVES, SILENTLY, UNOBTUSIVELY...



I AM WITH YOU! MY BROTHERS IN RUSSIA WILL NEVER GIVE UP... NEITHER WILL I!

AYE! I BANE FIGHT, TOO! YUST LEAD THE VAY!

BE READY WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



AND EACH VOICES GRIM APPROVAL OF THE PLAN... BUT ONE... AND THIS ONE CAN ENDANGER THE LIVES OF ALL...

HASN'T THERE BEEN ENOUGH VIOLENCE? I'M A TEACHER OF PHILOSOPHY - I HATE BLOODSHED! I ONLY WANT PEACE! NO, I WILL NOT JOIN YOU!

YOU FORGET WHO'S DOING THE KILLING AND WHO IS BEING KILLED!



IT TAKES TWO TO HAVE PEACE, BUT ONLY ONE TO MAKE WAR!

THAT IS TRUE! VE IN NORWAY WANTED ONLY PEACE! NOW VE FIGHT TO BE FREE! EVEN TO LIVE! AYE!

A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION... AND THE PRISONERS LEAP TO ATTENTION



VOT ISS GOING ON HERE? NEW TREACHERY, YOU SCHWEIN?

NOTHING, HERR CAPTAIN! WE ARE PEACEFUL!!!



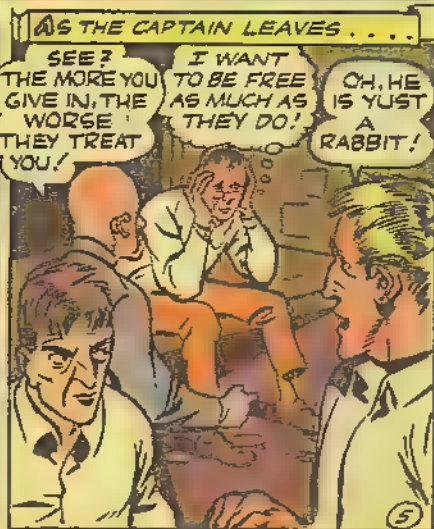
ZO? UND WHO ASKED YOU TO SPEAK?

MY NAME IS DELAPIN, SIR! I AM A PEACEFUL MAN! I ONLY WANT TO BE LEFT IN...



THIS FOR YOUR PEACEFULNESS, YOU RABBIT!

OOH!



AS THE CAPTAIN LEAVES...

SEE? THE MORE YOU GIVE IN, THE WORSE THEY TREAT YOU!

I WANT TO BE FREE AS MUCH AS THEY DO!

OH, HE IS YUST A RABBIT!

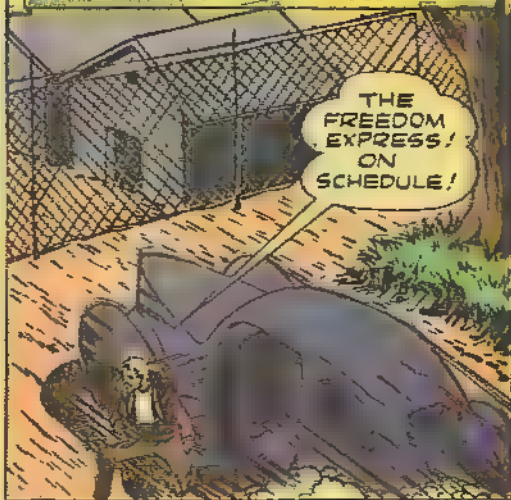
MIDNIGHT
...AND
DARKNESS
COVERS
THE
SILENT
BARRACKS.
AS A
WATCHFUL,
EVIL
FIGURE
SURVEYS
THE CAMP.

IT IS **TOO** QUIET
HERE! IF I ONLY HAD
AMERICOMMANDO
LOCKED UP IN THIS
CONCENTRATION CAMP,
I'D FEEL SAFER!



THEN FROM A SIDE ROAD A SPEED-
ING CAR HURTTLES TOWARD THE
CONCENTRATION CAMP...

THE
FREEDOM
EXPRESS!
ON
SCHEDULE!



WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT, IT CRASHES
INTO A FENCE WIRE, CHARGED WITH
THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY...

"THE
COMMANDO
DEVILS
HAVE
COME!"

WE ARE
SURROUNDED!

HIMMEL!
THEY HAF
OPENED A
SECOND
FRONT!



AT A
SIGNAL
FROM
AMERICOM-
MANDO,
NOW RID OF
HIS
DISGUISE
...THE
PRISON-
ERS LEAP
INTO
ACTION

AMERICOMMANDO
... VIVE
L'AMERICOMMANDO!

VE FIGHT
NOW!

OH-OH!
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!
WHAT SHALL
I DO?



GRAB ALL THE
ARMS YOU CAN
CARRY! WE'LL
NEED THEM!

HERE ARE
THEIR
GUNS,
TOVARICH!



THAT CAR WAS
A DECOY! THE
WIRES ON THE
OTHER SIDE
OF CAMP
ARE CUT!

WHAT
VE DO
VIT
LITTLE
RABBIT?

I'LL GO
WITH YOU!
THEY WILL
SHOOT ME
IF I STAY
HERE!

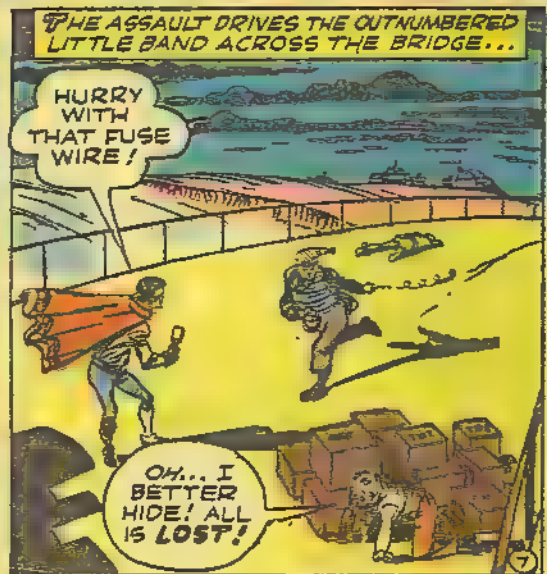
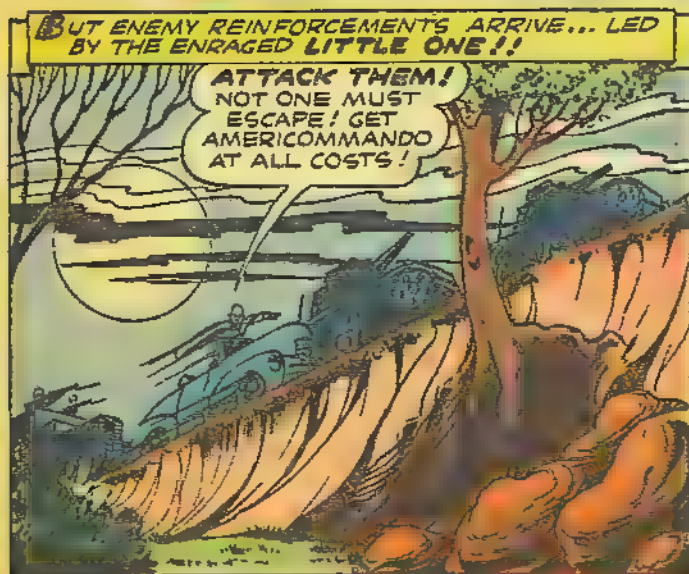
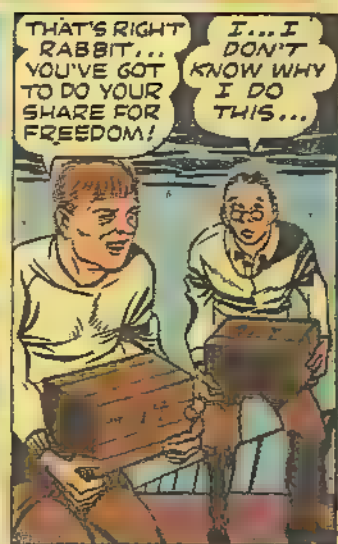
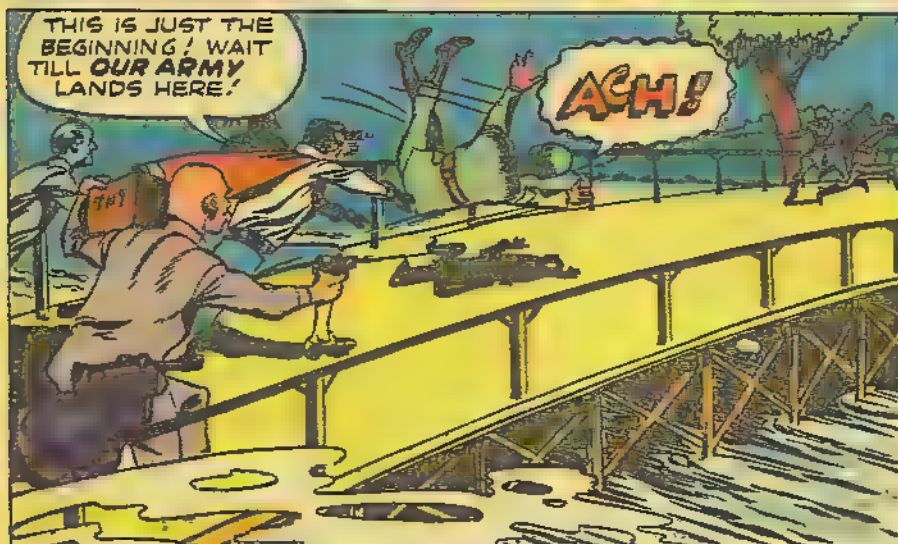
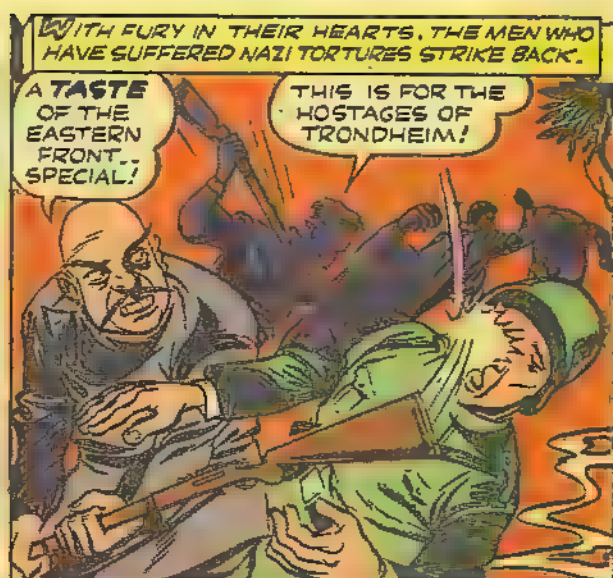
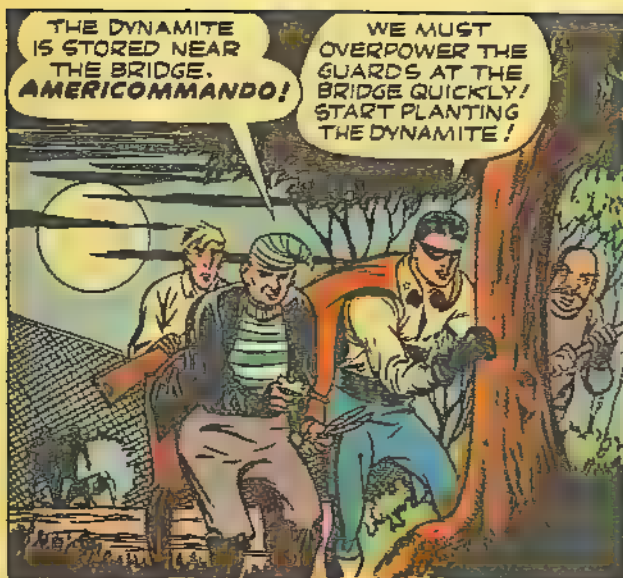


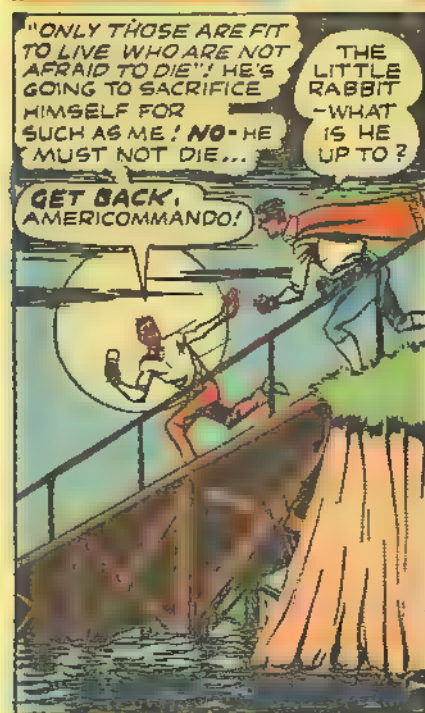
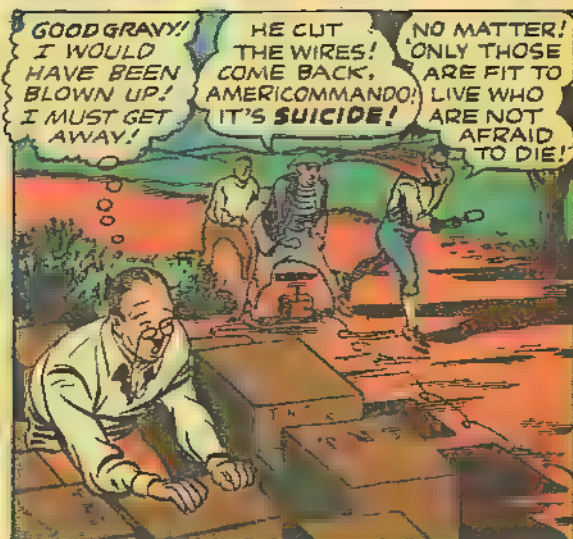
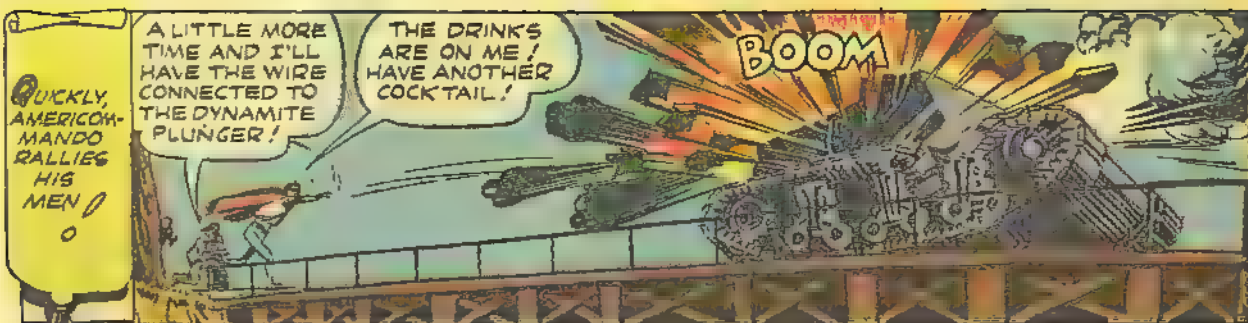
BUT THE **LITTLE ONE**
HAS SEEN THROUGH
AMERICOMMANDO'S PLAN.

HERR
DOKTOR,
VE ARE
ATTACKED
-HALP!

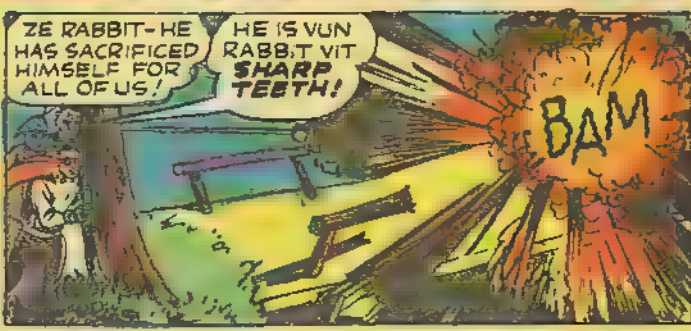
YOU **FOOL!**
AMERICOMMANDO
HAS BEEN HERE
ALL THE TIME!
BUT HE WON'T
FOOL ME! I'LL
TRAP HIM AT
THE BRIDGE!



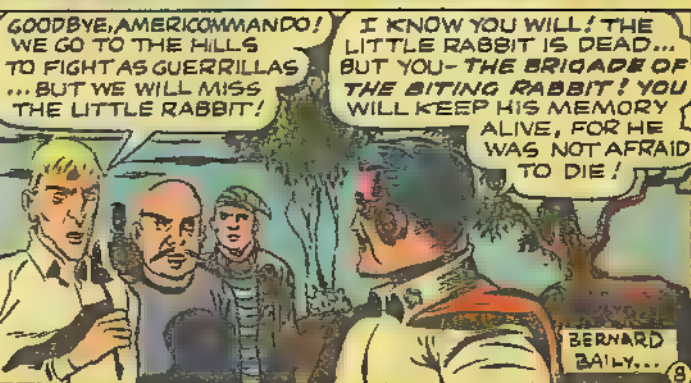




THE ANSWER COMES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.



LATER, DEEP IN THE HILLS A SAD GROUP PAYS TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE LITTLE MAN ...



AND SO AMERICOMMANDO PLANTS ANOTHER SEED OF REVOLT IN THE HEART OF THE OCCUPIED LANDS ... AND RETURNS TO CONTINUE HIS DUEL TO DEATH WITH THE EVIL WORLD OF FASCISM...

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS!

CONGO BILL



AFRICAN FASHION NOTE: OPERA HATS AND CLOAKS, WORN WITH BEADS, BANGLES, SWASTIKAS AND RIFLES, ARE IN VOGUE ALONG THE CONGO THIS SEASON...

AND IT ISN'T AS FUNNY AS IT SOUNDS, FOR MURDER IS IN FASHION, TOO! SUDDEN DEATH POUNCES ON WHITE MEN IN THE HEART OF THE STEAMING JUNGLE---AND IT TAKES ALL THE DANGER-WHETTED WITS AND TRAIL-TOUGHENED MUSCLES OF CONGO BILL, DAREDEVIL YANK ADVENTURER, TO CHANGE A NAZI-INSPIRED STYLE TREND AND SMASH---

"THE FULL-DRESS REBELLION!"

DR. JOHN REID AND HIS DAUGHTER, JOAN, STROLL NEAR THE CAMP OF THEIR SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION ON THE BANKS OF THE SLEGGISH CONGO...

ABRUPTLY, THE JUNGLE PULSES WITH THE WHIPCRACK ECHOES OF A SHOT, AND...



ISN'T IT DANGEROUS TO BE HERE ALONE, FATHER? HADN'T WE BETTER GO BACK TO THE OTHERS?

NONSENSE, JOAN! THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE NATIVES WERE DANGEROUS, BUT NOW...



AAAAA-A-A-A...

FATHER!

FANTASTIC FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE EERIE SHADOWS...

DEAD! WHO COULD HAVE--
EEEE-BEEE!!

GIRL WHITE... SHE MUST DIE!



MUST GET BACK TO CAMP! THE GUIDES AND PORTERS ARE ALL NATIVES, BUT SURELY THEY'LL FIGHT THESE KILLERS IN SILK HATS!



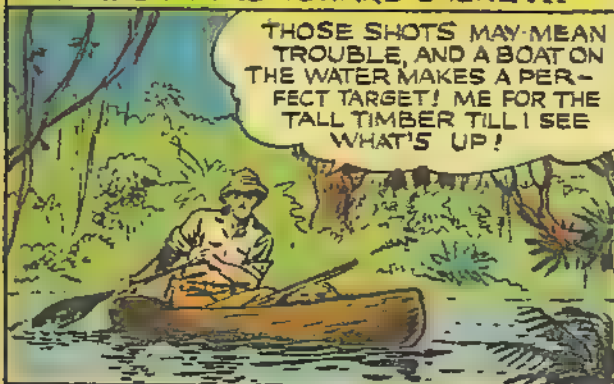
BUT WHEN THE FRIGHTENED GIRL REACHES THE CAMP...

THEY'VE RUN AWAY... TAKEN ALL THE BOATS! AND THOSE SAVAGES ARE RIGHT BEHIND ME!



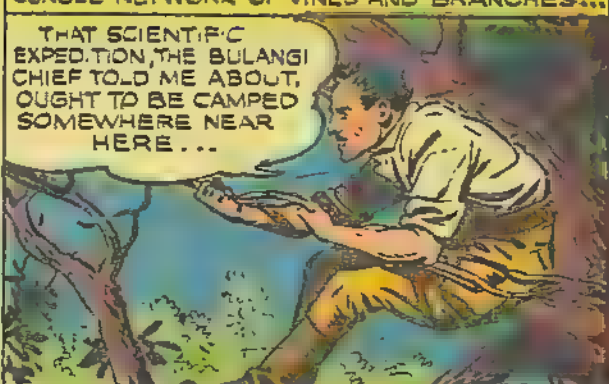
MEANWHILE, AROUND A SHARP BEND IN THE RIVER, A LONE WHITE MAN SENDS HIS LIGHT CANOE SKIMMING TOWARD SHORE...

THOSE SHOTS MAY MEAN TROUBLE, AND A BOAT ON THE WATER MAKES A PERFECT TARGET! ME FOR THE TALL TIMBER TILL I SEE WHAT'S UP!



AS MUCH AT HOME ABOVE THE EARTH AS ON IT, CONGO BILL SWINGS THROUGH THE JUNGLE NETWORK OF VINES AND BRANCHES...

THAT SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, THE BULANGI CHIEF TOLD ME ABOUT, OUGHT TO BE CAMPED SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE...



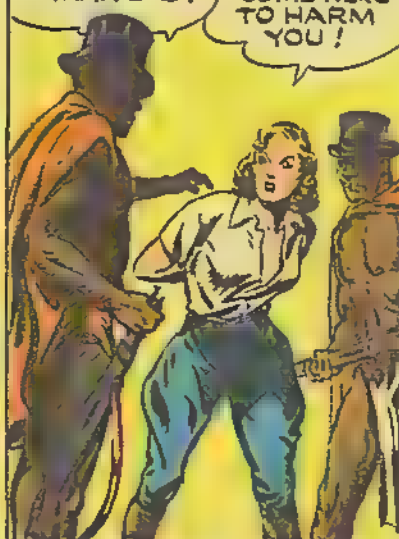
A MOMENT LATER...

A WHITE GIRL--ABOUT TO BE KILLED! AND--GREAT SCOTT!-- WHAT SORT OF CLOTHES ARE THOSE NATIVES WEARING?



YOU WHITE GIRL--NO FRIEND OF OJUBI WARRIORS!

NO! NO! MY FATHER AND I DIDN'T COME HERE TO HARM YOU!

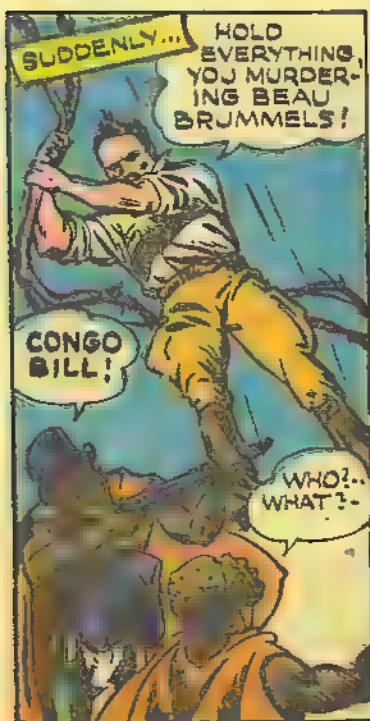


MERCILESS EYES SIGHT ALONG STEEL RIFLE BARRELS... EAGER FINGERS TENSE ON TRIGGERS...

SO... WE SHOOT ALL WHITES, EXCEPT OUR FRIENDS, WHO GIVE FINE CLOTHES!

VERY WELL--SHOOT! AT LEAST YOU WON'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING ME CRINGE AND CRY!





SUDDENLY...

HOLD EVERYTHING, YOU MURDERING BEAU BRUMMELS!

CONGO BILL!

WHO?.. WHAT?..



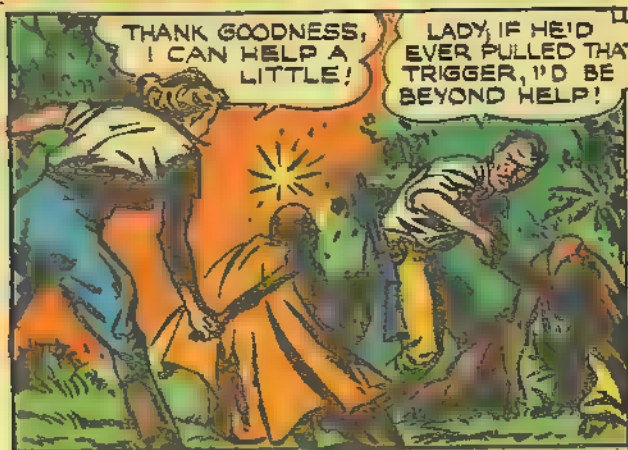
YOU'VE GOT THE CLOTHES BUT NOT THE MANNERS TO GO WITH THEM! YOU SHOULD REMOVE YOUR HATS IN THE PRESENCE OF A LADY!

UGH!.. BIG MAGIC IN FIST!



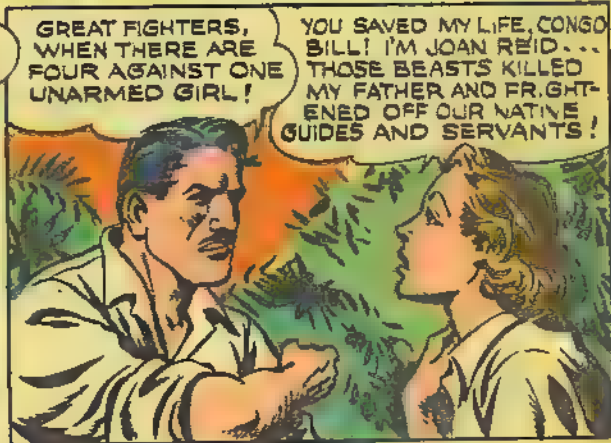
YOU WON'T BE SO HIGH-HAT FROM NOW ON!

GUN MAKE BIG MAGIC, TOO!



THANK GOODNESS, I CAN HELP A LITTLE!

LADY, IF HE'D EVER PULLED THAT TRIGGER, I'D BE BEYOND HELP!



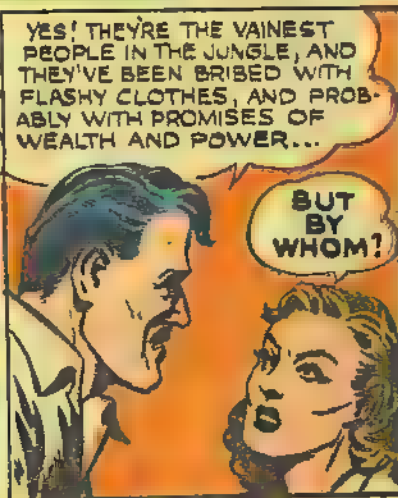
GREAT FIGHTERS, WHEN THERE ARE FOUR AGAINST ONE UNARMED GIRL!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, CONGO BILL! I'M JOAN REID... THOSE BEASTS KILLED MY FATHER AND FRIGHTENED OFF OUR NATIVE GUIDES AND SERVANTS!



THESE ARE OJUBIS-- MEMBERS OF AN OUT-LAW TRIBE-- BUT THEY HAVEN'T DARED KILL WHITE PEOPLE BEFORE THIS! SOMEONE HAS PUT THEM UP TO IT-- AND I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO!

YOU MEAN, SOMEONE HAS DELIBERATELY INSPIRED THEM TO MURDER?



YES! THEY'RE THE VAINEST PEOPLE IN THE JUNGLE, AND THEY'VE BEEN BRIBED WITH FLASHY CLOTHES, AND PROBABLY WITH PROMISES OF WEALTH AND POWER...

BUT BY WHOM?



THEIR RIFLES ARE MAUSERS, MADE IN GERMANY... THEIR ARM-BANDS BEAR THE SWASTIKA SYMBOL... THEY HAVE BEEN STIRRED UP BY NAZIS!



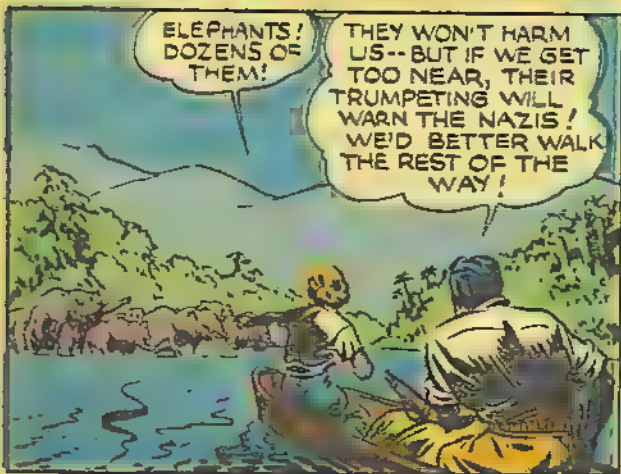
YOU MAKE TALK-TALK MUCH QUICK-OR I'LL KNOCK YOU FROM HERE TO BROADWAY, WHERE YOUR CLOTHES WILL BE IN BETTER TASTE!

NO, BWANA! NO HURT! ME MAKE TALK-TALK!



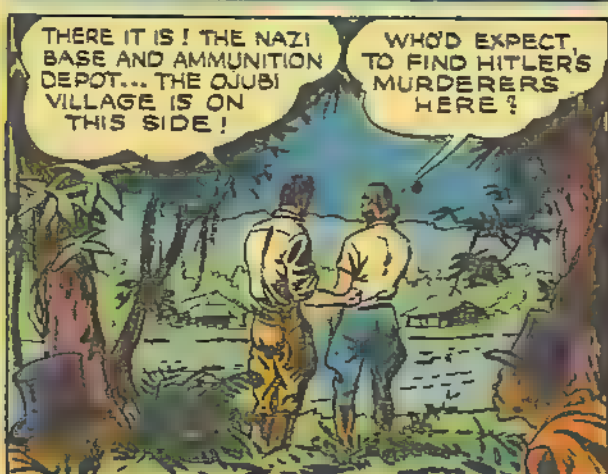
IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT! THE NAZIS HAVE ESTABLISHED A SECRET JUNGLE BASE AND ARMED THE NATIVES! BUT JORU, THE OJUBI CHIEF IS MY FRIEND, AND I MAY BE ABLE TO REASON WITH HIM!...

I HOPE SO, BILL, FOR THE SAKE OF ALL THE BRITISH AND AMERICANS WHO WILL DIE, AS FATHER DIED, IF THIS KEEPS UP!



ELEPHANTS! DOZENS OF THEM!

THEY WON'T HARM US--BUT IF WE GET TOO NEAR, THEIR TRUMPETING WILL WARN THE NAZIS! WE'D BETTER WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!



THERE IT IS! THE NAZI BASE AND AMMUNITION DEPOT... THE OJUBI VILLAGE IS ON THIS SIDE!

WHO'D EXPECT TO FIND HITLER'S MURDERERS HERE?



THE NEXT INSTANT...

SEIZE, BWANA, AND WHITE G.R.L!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

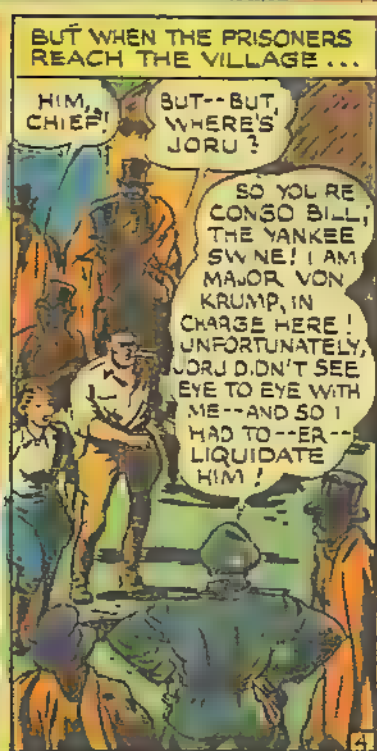
TAKE IT EASY! MAYBE I CAN BLUFF MY WAY OUT OF THIS!



CONGO BILL COME IN PEACE! TAKE ME TO YOUR VILLAGE TO MAKE TALK-TALK WITH YOUR CHIEF, WHO IS MY FRIEND!

MAYBE YES--- CAN DO!

I HOPE JORU IS REALLY YOUR FRIEND!



BUT WHEN THE PRISONERS REACH THE VILLAGE...

HIM, CHIEF!

BUT--BUT, WHERE'S JORU?

SO YOU'RE CONGO BILL, THE YANKEE SWINE! I AM MAJOR VON KRUMP, IN CHARGE HERE! UNFORTUNATELY, JORU DIDN'T SEE EYE TO EYE WITH ME--AND SO I HAD TO--ER--LIQUIDATE HIM!

THE OUBIS ARE NOW IN THE SERVICE OF DER FUEHRER! THEY WILL ROVE THE JUNGLES, KILLING WHITES, SPREADING TERROR--AND RECRUITING A NATIVE ARMY THAT WILL RAID AS FAR NORTH AS EGYPT!

YOU SNEAKING JACKAL--YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

IF I FAIL, IT SHALL NOT BE BECAUSE OF YOU! FOR THESE SAVAGES SHALL BURN YOU AT THE STAKE--AND THE PRETTY FRAULEIN WITH YOU!

NO--NOT THAT! I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE, BUT--

CHIN UP, JOAN... WE WON'T BURN WITHOUT A FIGHT!

BUT THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM! WHAT CAN WE DO?

IF MY PLAN WORKS, WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF HELP!

COME--WE TIE YOU TO STAKE FOR FIRE-DANCE!

AS BRUTAL HANDS REACH FOR THE CONDEMNED PAIR, CONGO BILL'S CORDED MUSCLES WHIP INTO LIGHTNING ACTION...

EXCUSE ME-- BUT I DON'T LIKE BONFIRES!

FOOL! YOU CANNOT EXPECT TO ESCAPE BY SHOOTING YOUR WAY OUT!

AIMING BY A SIXTH SENSE OF DIRECTION DEVELOPED IN THE TRACKLESS WILDS, THE FIGHTING YANK FIRES, NOT AT HIS CAPTORS, BUT TOWARD THE FARTHER BANK OF THE RIVER!

WHO SAID I WANTED TO SHOOT ANYBODY?

BILL--YOU'RE ONLY WASTING BULLETS!

HE IS INSANE!

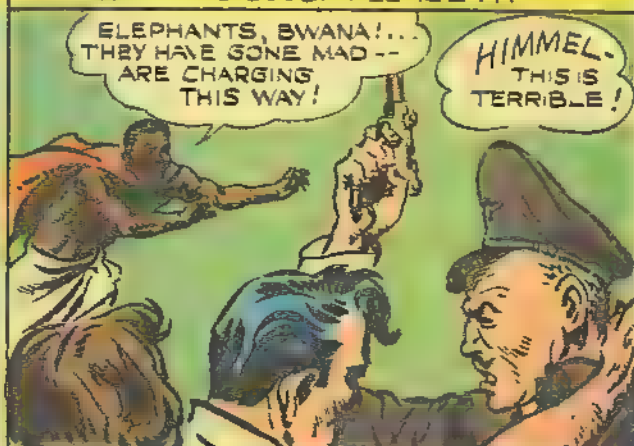
AAAA-A-A-A-A

AND AN EARTH-ROCKING ELAST OBLITERATES A BREEDING-STATION OF TREACHERY!

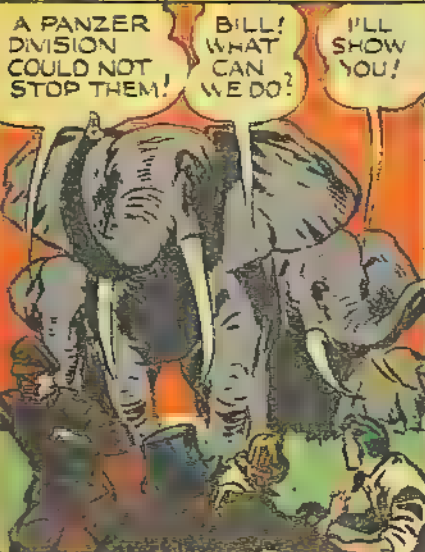
THUNDEROUS REVERBERATIONS STARTLE PEACEFUL PACHYDERMS AT THEIR BATH... THE HUGE BEASTS STAMPEDE WILDLY...



A NATIVE RUNNER BRINGS NEWS THAT IS MORE STARTLING THAN THE UNEVEN BATTLE RAGING IN THE OJUBI VILLAGE...



THE MOST AWE-INSPIRING OF AFRICAN SIGHTS--THE HEADLONG RUSH OF ELEPHANTS CRAZED BY FEAR AND ANGER!



WE'LL BE SAFE UP HERE!

THANK GOODNESS!



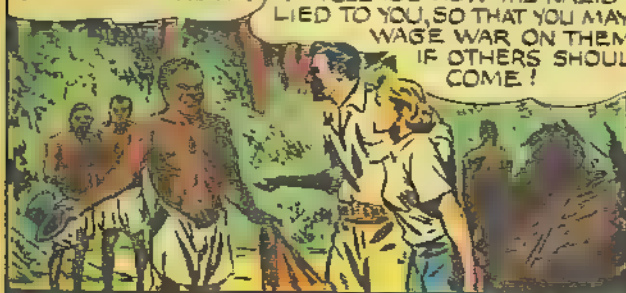
BUT MAJOR VON KRUMP, NAZI EXPERT IN MASS MURDER, IS NOT SAFE FROM THE TERRIBLE CHARGE...



WHEN THE TUMULT HAS SUBSIDED, AND THE Sadder AND Wiser OJUBIS RETURN TO THEIR SHATTERED VILLAGE...

NAZI BOSS DEAD... CONGO BILL MUCH BIGGER CHIEF... YOU RULE OJUBIS NOW?

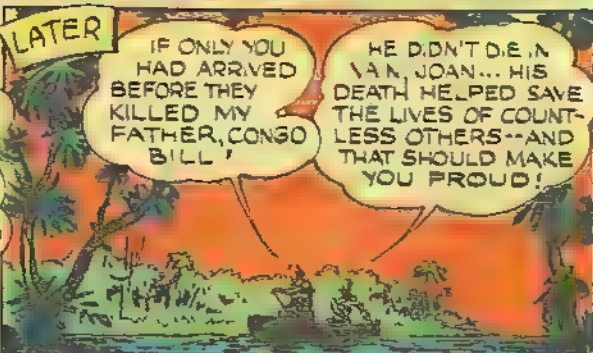
THANKS--BUT I MUST TAKE THE WHITE GIRL BACK TO HER PEOPLE... BUT I'LL COME BACK TO TELL YOU HOW THE NAZIS LIED TO YOU, SO THAT YOU MAY WAGE WAR ON THEM IF OTHERS SHOULD COME!



LATER

IF ONLY YOU HAD ARRIVED BEFORE THEY KILLED MY FATHER, CONGO BILL!

HE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN, JOAN... HIS DEATH HELPED SAVE THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS OTHERS--AND THAT SHOULD MAKE YOU PROUD!



AND YOU'LL FEEL PROUD OF CONGO BILL'S NEWEST EXPLOIT IN NEXT MONTH'S ACTION-PACKED ACTION COMICS!

ZATARA

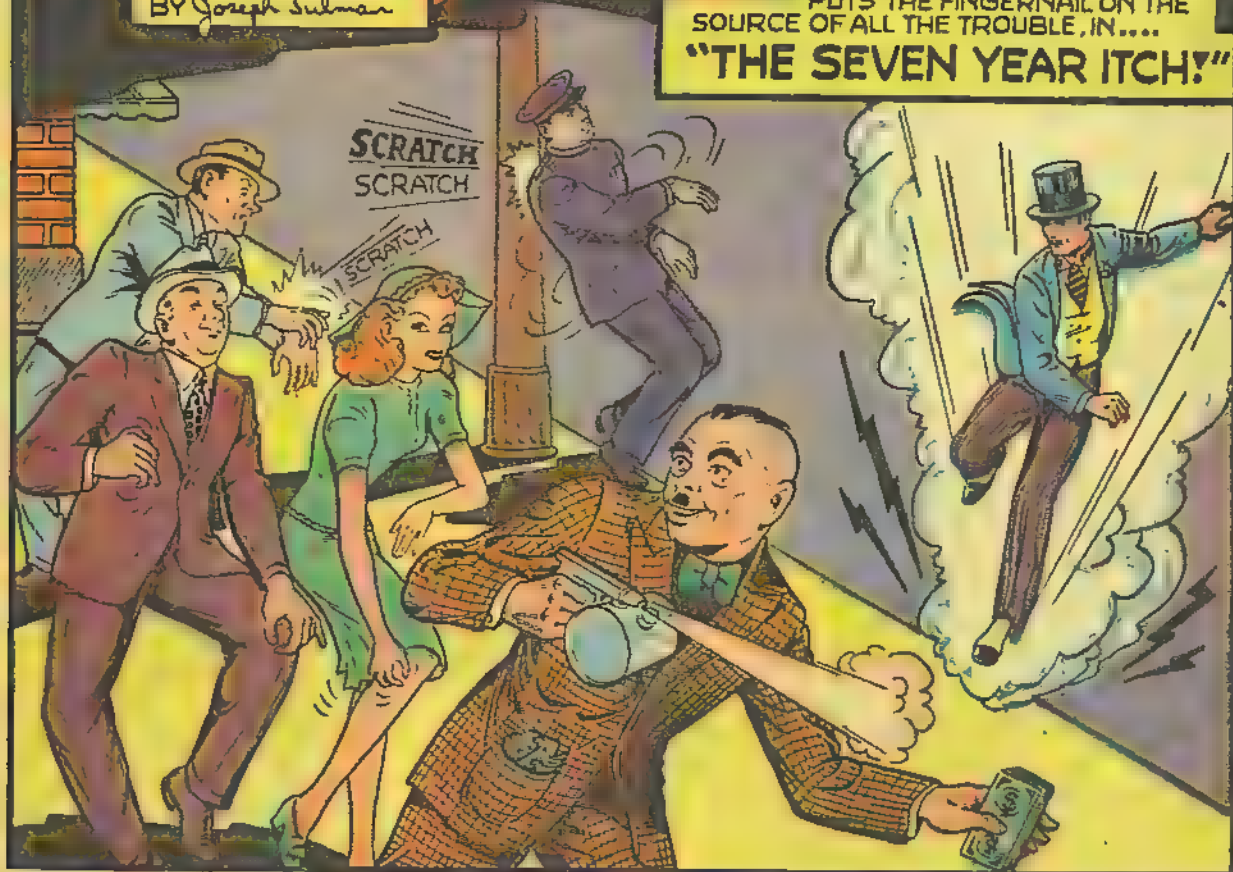
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY Joseph Sulman

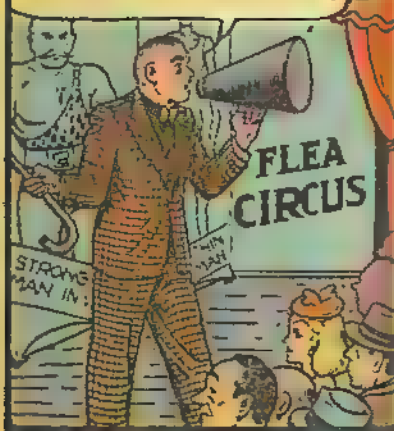
A CLEVER CRIMINAL WHO RISES FROM THE TAWDRY TINSSEL OF A SIDESHOW, MAKES THE POLICE SCRATCH GRAVEL, (AND THEMSELVES) AS HE FINDS THAT CRIME PAYS HIM BETTER THAN HIS JOB IN A FLEA CIRCUS!

BUT HE RECKONS WITHOUT THE MASTER MAGICIAN WHO PUTS THE FINGER NAIL ON THE

SOURCE OF ALL THE TROUBLE, IN....
"THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH!"

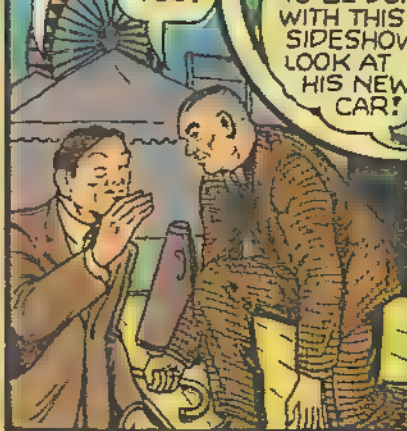


STEP RIGHT UP AN' SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, FOLKS. THRILLING, SENSATIONAL! ONLY A DIME, TEN PENNIES! STEP UP!



IT'S ALL SET, WILLIE!

GOOD. I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

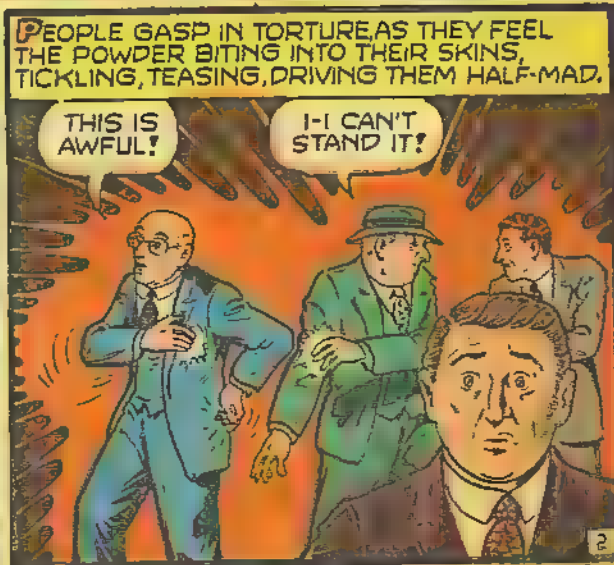
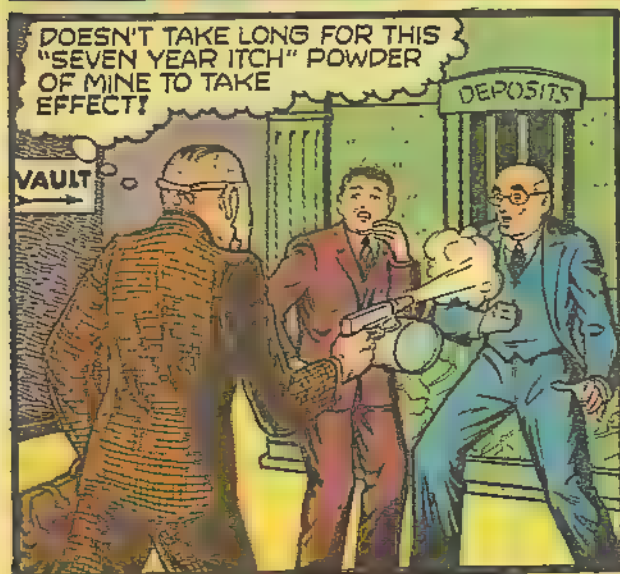
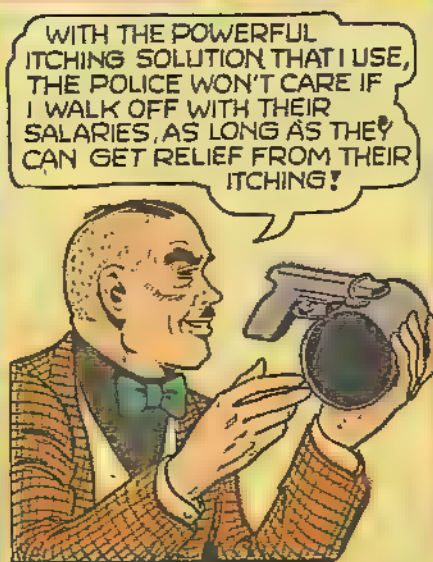
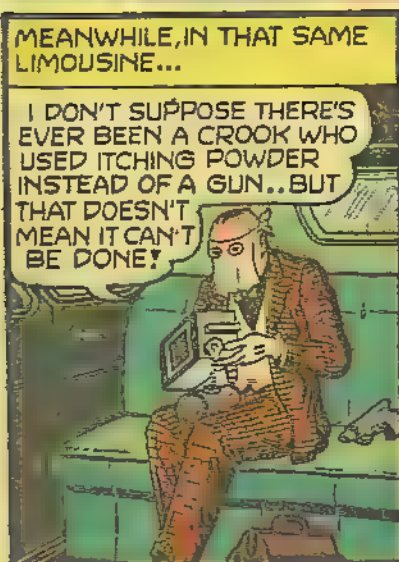
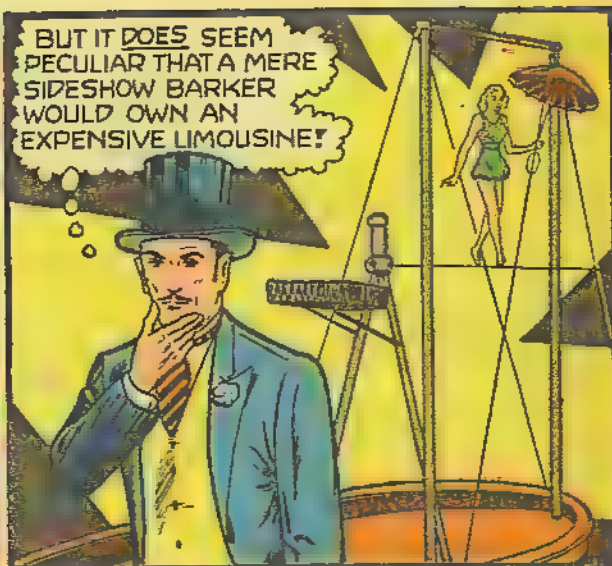
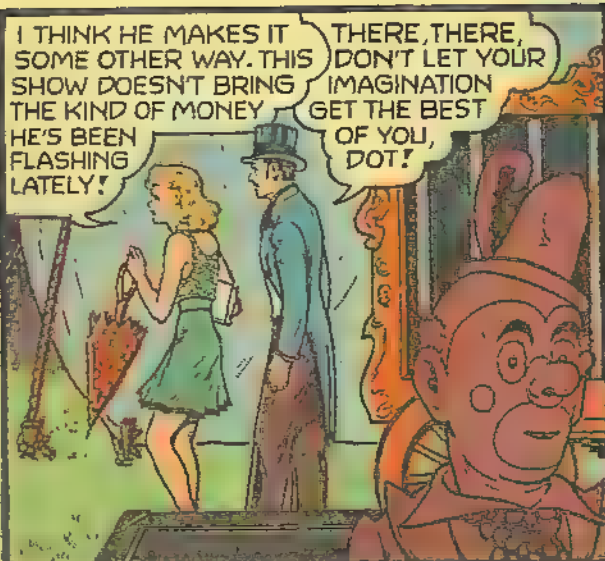


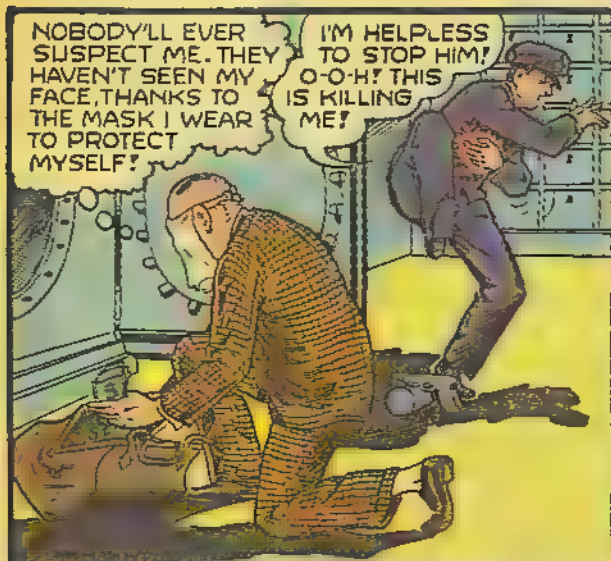
ZATARA CONVERSES WITH HIS FRIEND, A TRAPEZE PERFORMER...

WILLIE WALKER SEEMS TO BE DOING ALL RIGHT WITH THIS SIDESHOW. LOOK AT HIS NEW CAR!

HE'S NOT GETTING HIS DOUGH FROM THIS TWO-BY-FOUR CIRCUS! I'VE BEEN PRACTICING HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE ON HIM!

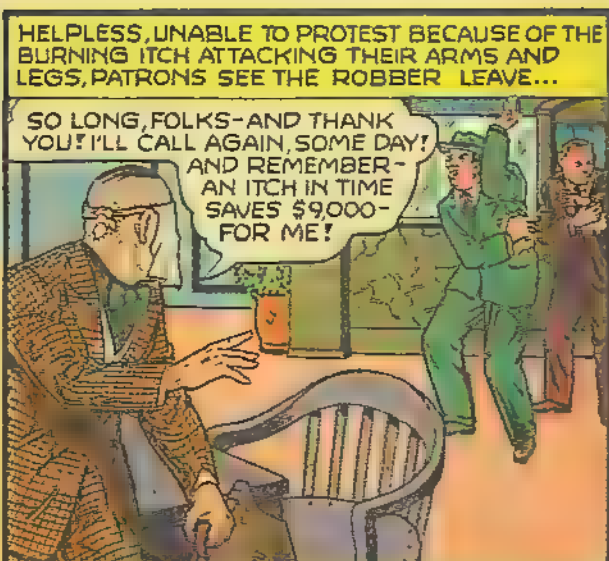






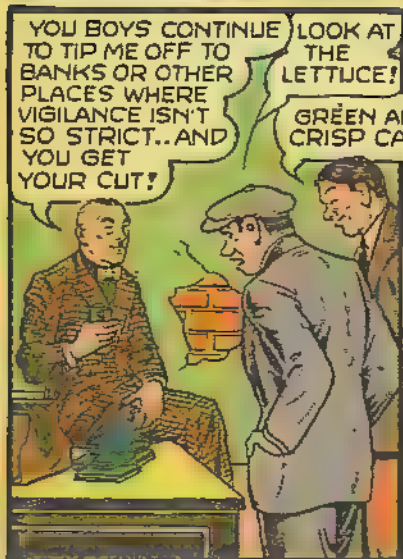
NOBODY'LL EVER SUSPECT ME. THEY HAVEN'T SEEN MY FACE, THANKS TO THE MASK I WEAR TO PROTECT MYSELF!

I'M HELPLESS TO STOP HIM! O-O-H! THIS IS KILLING ME!



HELPLESS, UNABLE TO PROTEST BECAUSE OF THE BURNING ITCH ATTACKING THEIR ARMS AND LEGS, PATRONS SEE THE ROBBER LEAVE...

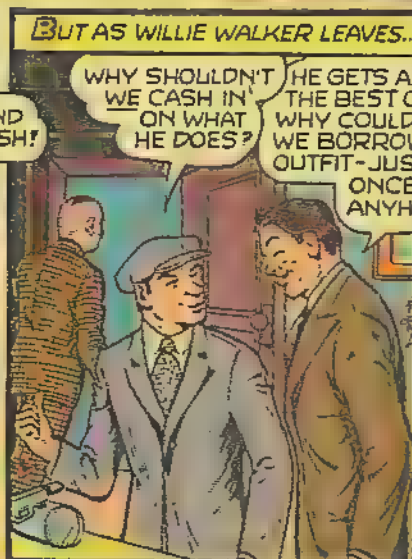
SO LONG, FOLKS-AND THANK YOU! I'LL CALL AGAIN, SOME DAY! AND REMEMBER-AN ITCH IN TIME SAVES \$9,000-FOR ME!



YOU BOYS CONTINUE TO TIP ME OFF TO BANKS OR OTHER PLACES WHERE VIGILANCE ISN'T SO STRICT..AND YOU GET YOUR CUT!

LOOK AT THE LETTUCE!

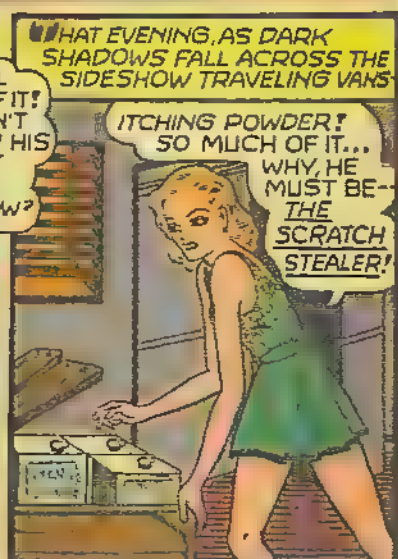
GREEN AND CRISP CASH!



BUT AS WILLIE WALKER LEAVES..

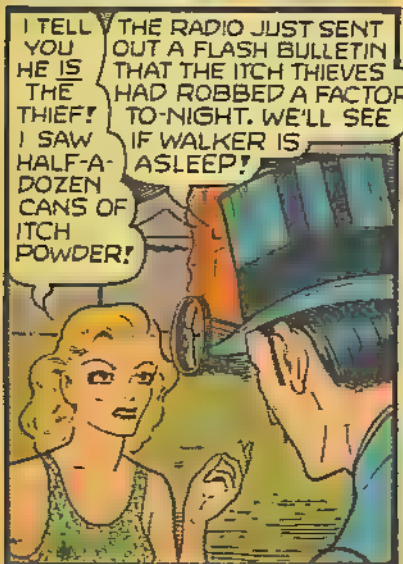
WHY SHOULDN'T WE CASH IN' ON WHAT HE DOES?

HE GETS ALL THE BEST OF IT! WHY COULDN'T WE BORROW HIS OUTFIT- JUST ONCE, ANYHOW?



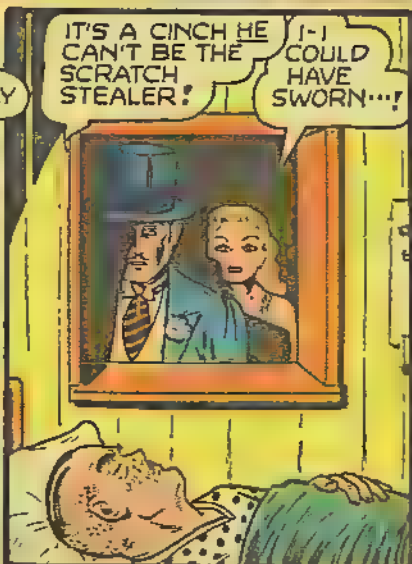
WHAT EVENING, AS DARK SHADOWS FALL ACROSS THE SIDESHOW TRAVELING VANS

ITCHING POWDER! SO MUCH OF IT... WHY HE MUST BE- THE SCRATCH STEALER!



I TELL YOU HE IS THE THIEF! I SAW HALF-A-DOZEN CANS OF ITCH POWDER!

THE RADIO JUST SENT OUT A FLASH BULLETIN THAT THE ITCH THIEVES HAD ROBBED A FACTORY TO-NIGHT. WE'LL SEE IF WALKER IS ASLEEP!



IT'S A CINCH HE CAN'T BE THE SCRATCH STEALER!

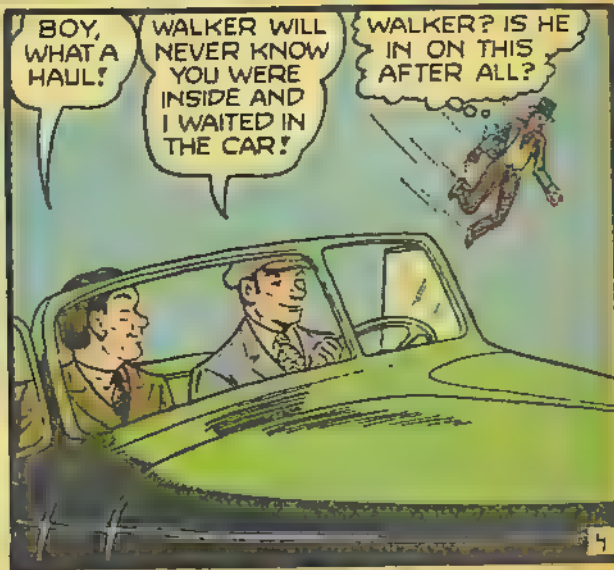
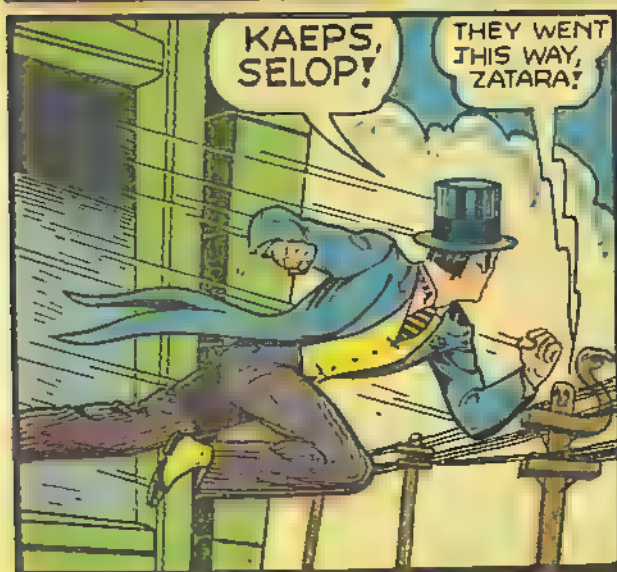
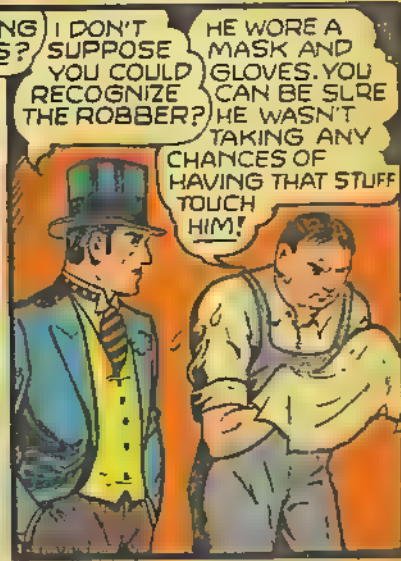
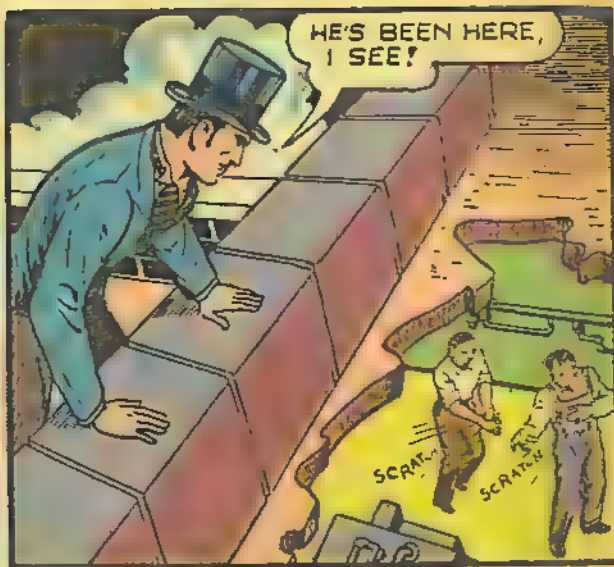
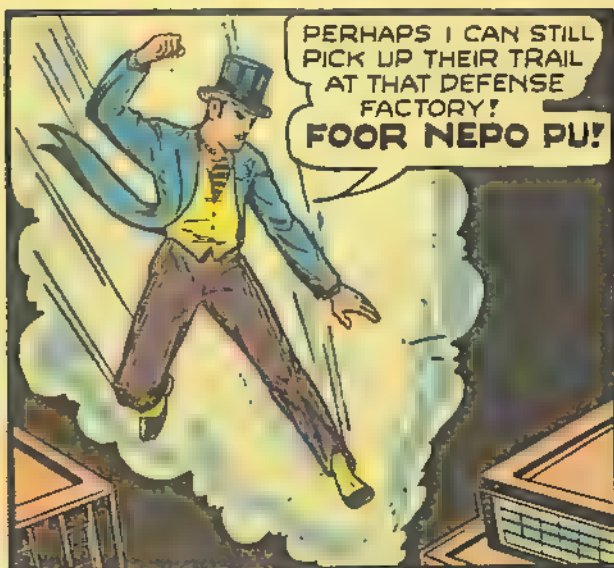
I-I COULD HAVE SWORN....!

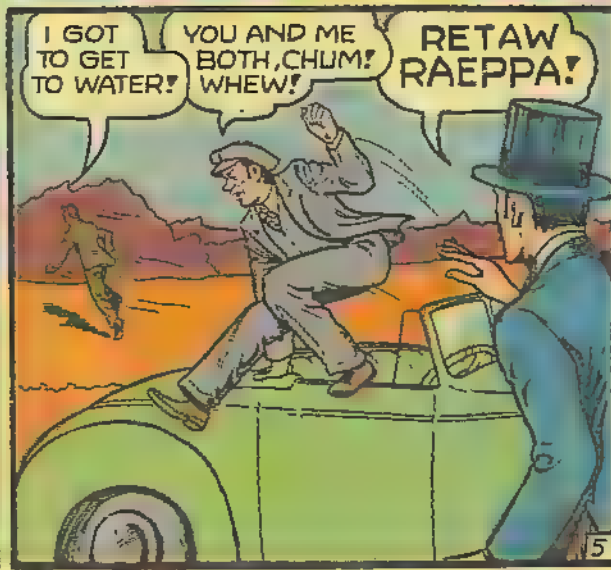
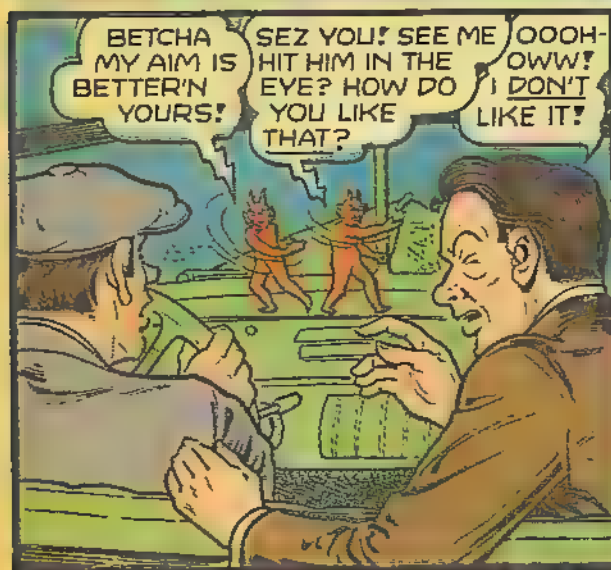
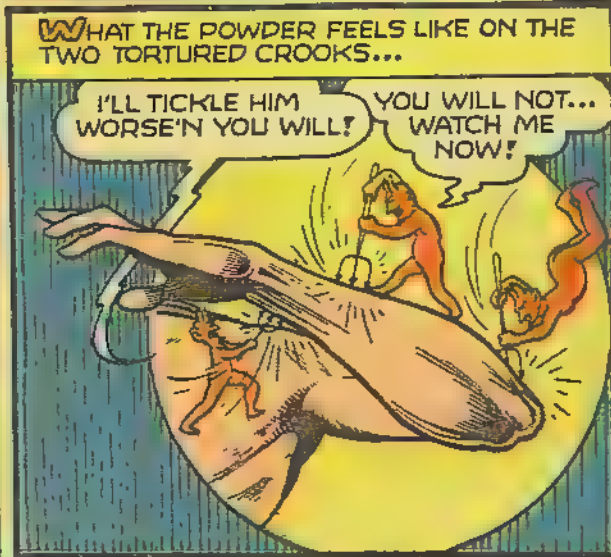
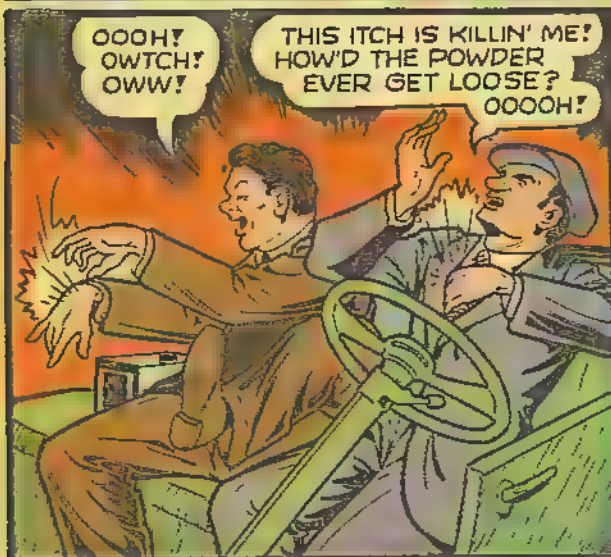
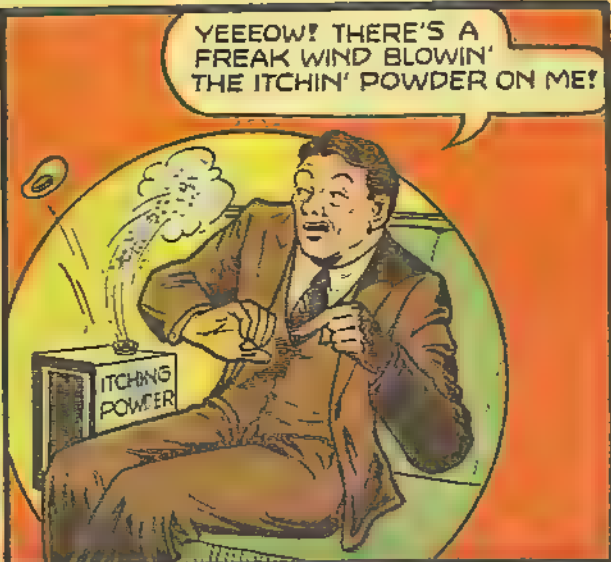


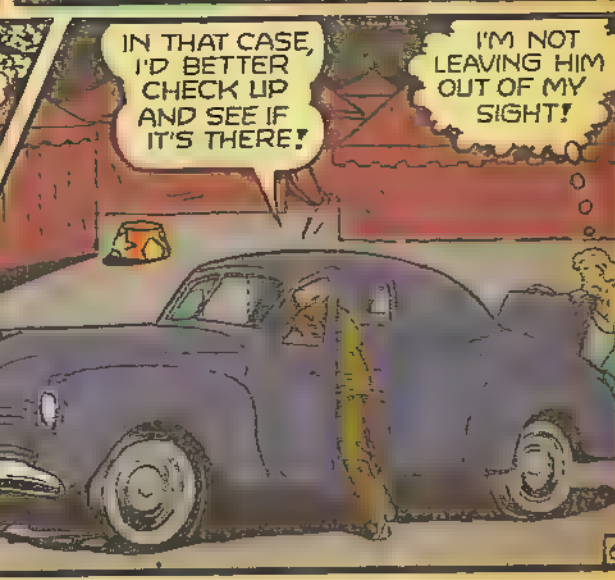
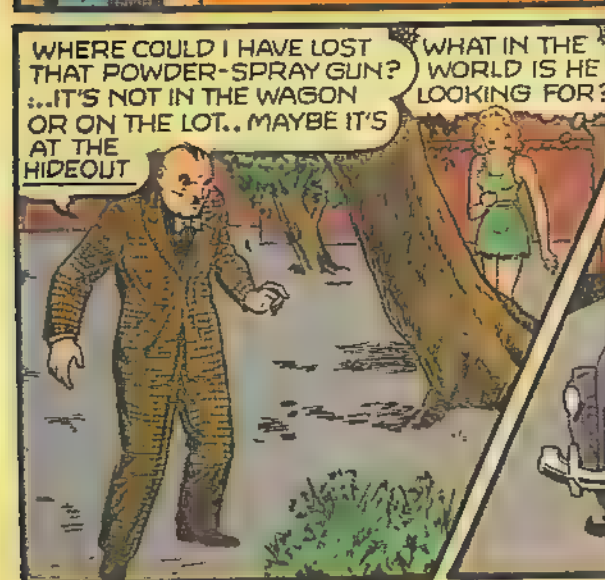
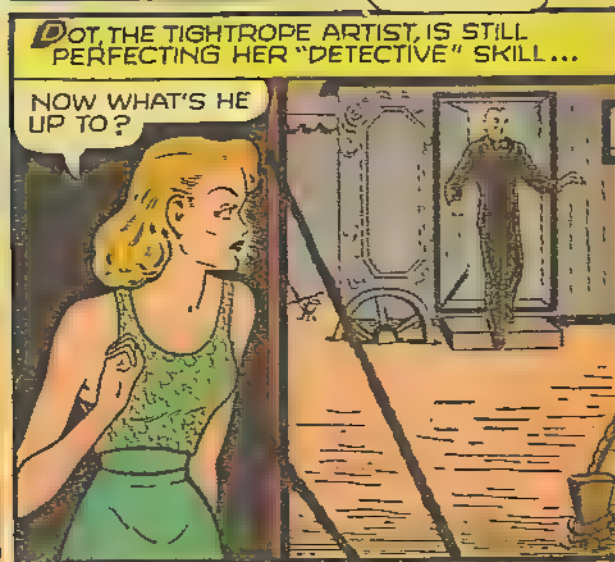
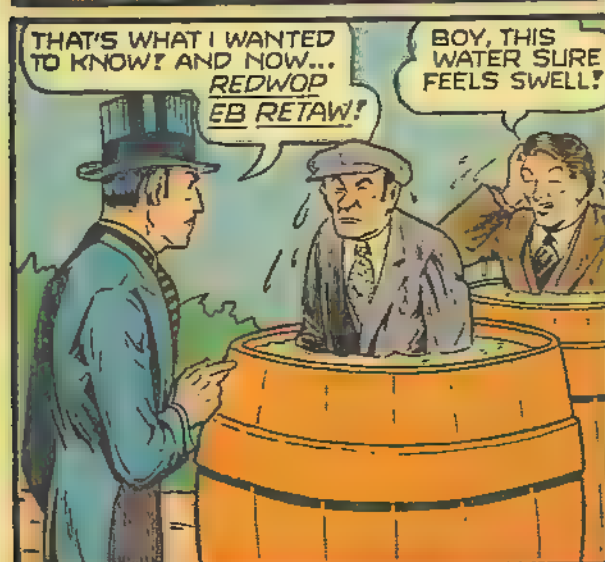
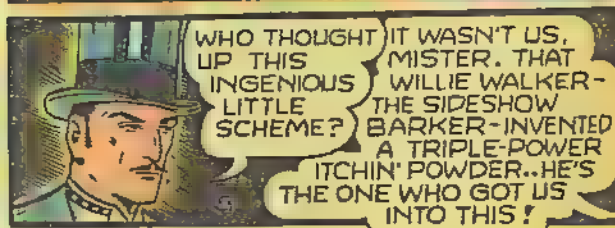
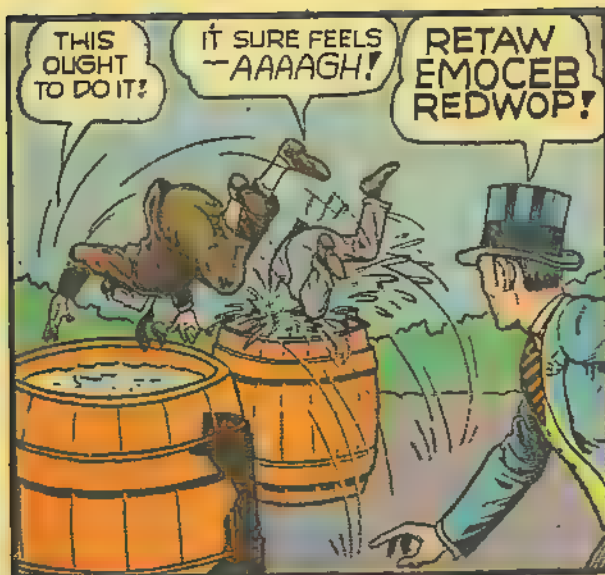
BY USE OF THE POWERS OF LEVITATION LEARNED IN MYSTERIOUS TIBET, THE MAN OF MAGIC LAUNCHES HIMSELF SKYWARD...

DNIW YRRAC OT EM NWOT!

*READ THIS BACKWARDS TO LEARN WHAT IT MEANS!







AS HE RAISES HIS EYES TO THE REARVIEW MIRROR, WILLIE WALKER OPENS THEM WIDE.

DOT, IN THE RUMBLE SEAT! SHE THINKS SHE'S A BORN DETECTIVE! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER!

LET HER FOLLOW ME! IT'LL GIVE ME THE PRIVACY I NEED!

WELL, YOU'VE CAUGHT UP TO ME! NOW SEE WHAT IT GETS YOU!

UGGH!

WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HER, SHE'LL BE THROUGH WITH DETECTIVE STORIES FOREVER!

THAT FLAGPOLE WON'T BEAR HER WEIGHT.. PRETTY SOON IT'LL CRACK.. AND THEN, GOOD-BYE, DOT!

THE BOUND GIRL SEES HER PRECARIOUS POSITION! THE POLE IS BENDING DANGEROUSLY LOW!

A FAINT CRACK REACHES HER EARS!

IT'S BREAKING UNDER MY WEIGHT.. AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO SAVE MYSELF!

BAILING TO FIND WALKER AT HIS TRAILER, THE MASTER MAGICIAN HUNTS HIM IN THE UPPER REGIONS OF THE SKY...

DOT! FALLING TO HER DEATH! EPOR RAEPPA!

AS THE GIRL'S PLUMMETING BODY HURTTLES TOWARD THE SIDEWALK, A WIRE ROPE SUDDENLY STRETCHES ACROSS HER PATH...



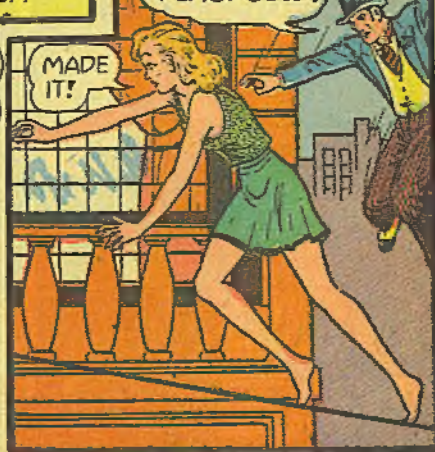
THAT TIGHTROPE! IF I CAN LAND ON IT!...



GOT TO REMEMBER ALL I KNOW ABOUT THIS ART.. AH, I THINK I CAN DO IT!

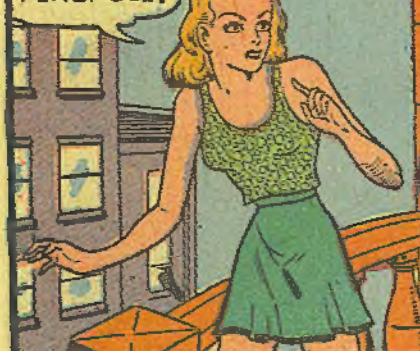
FOR ONE SICKENING MOMENT AFTER SHE HITS THE WIRE, SHE TEETERS BACK AND FORTH.

MIND IF I ASK JUST WHAT YOU'RE DOING HANGING TO FLAGPOLES?



MADE IT!

IT'S THAT WILLIE WALKER! I TOLD YOU HE WAS IN ON SOME FUNNY BUSINESS! I TRAILED HIM TO THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE WAY AND HE TIED ME TO THAT FLAGPOLE!



SDUOLC KAEPS



HE WENT THIS WAY. YOU'LL FIND HIM OVER BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!

AHEAD OF THEM, WILLIE WALKER RUNS INTO HIS HENCHMEN...



YOU STOLE MY SPRAY OUTFIT, EH? YOU KNOW WHAT I OUGHT TO DO TO YOU...?

TAKE IT EASY, WILLIE! WE GOT INTO ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT WAS!

YOU GOT YOUR LESSON! GOOD. LISTEN TO ME, THEN, AND NO MORE MONKEYSHINES!



WHATEVER YOU SAY, WILLIE!

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE ABOUT THAT SPRAYGUN NOW! I'VE GOT A NEW IDEA HOW TO MAKE THIS THING WORK... FEED THE POWDER THROUGH THE AIR-COOLING SYSTEM... A LOT OF IT!



NAC, TAERT
MIH SA EH
SEVRESED!

IT'S
THAT
GUY
AGAIN!

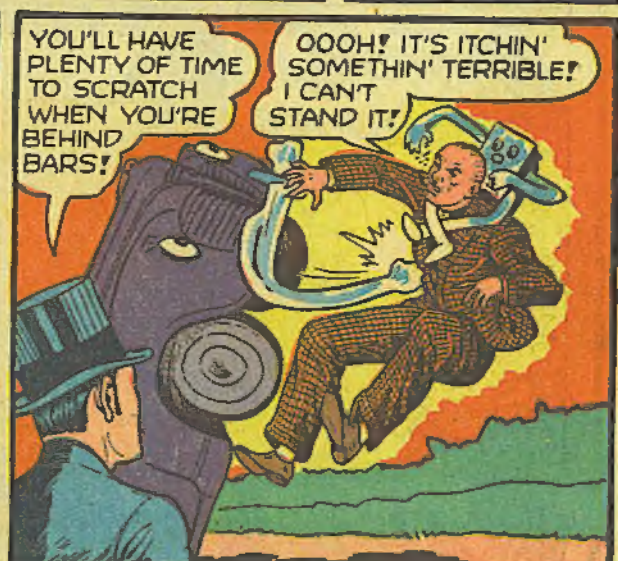
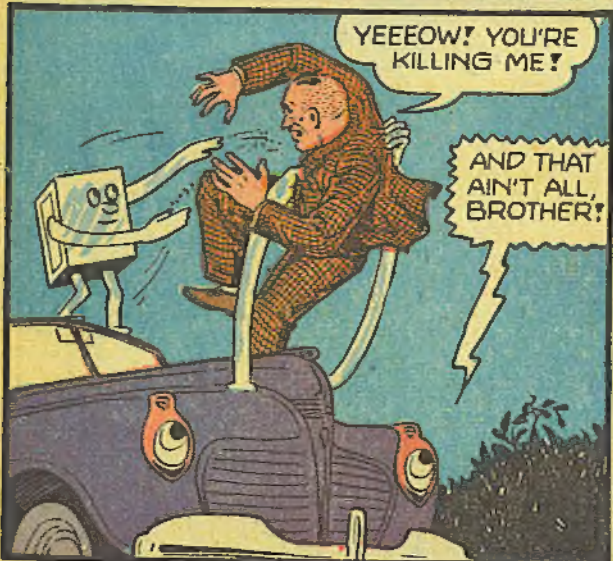
WHAT ARE
YOU TWO
GAWKING
AT?

"TREAT
HIM
AS HE
DESERVES"?
I SURE WILL,
ZATARA!

AM I
HEARING
THINGS?

HOW
DO YOU
LIKE A
TASTE
OF YOUR
OWN
ITCHING
POWDER?

OOOF!
TERRIBLE!
TASTES LIKE
SPINACH!



THE
END



**BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!**



**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**





HURRY! HURRY!

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GET YOUR PRIZE!

\$1000.00
IN GRAND AWARDS

in addition to your regular prize
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Given for selling only one order. Sent express collect—**SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.**



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—rod, reel, line and hooks complete. Given for selling one order American Seeds, plus 25c extra.



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This Genuine Gene Autry Guitar will delight you. Given for selling only one order **PLUS \$9.00 extra.**



PEPPERELL BLANKET Genuine Pepperell "Warmweave" Blanket for selling only one order.



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